

# The Listener

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'A Burgomaster of Delft' by Jan Steen, now on view at a loan exhibition in Cardiff

**Immigration and Britain's Racial Riots**  
(a broadcast discussion)

**Israel: Remaking a Nation**  
(Julia de Beausobre)

**Portrait of a Classical Scholar**  
(Raymond Postgate)

**Aldous Huxley on Thought Control**  
(a televised interview)

**Atomic Heretic**  
(P. M. S. Blackett)

**A Great New Russian Novel**  
(Bernard Wall)

# In this works one man in three drives to the job

Trevor Evans, Daily Express Industrial Correspondent, went to Wales and found an inspiration—and a challenge. Picture by Ivor Sharp

**I**WISH every industrialist in Britain had come with me to the steelworks by the Dee. What I saw was an inspiration. And a challenge.

There is no reason to suppose that this place, about five miles outside the boundaries of historic Chester, is out of step with the rest of the industry.

Mr. Richard Summers, the chairman of the company, was driving me through his works when I commented how odd it was to see a car park around the corner of almost every building. Finding more space for motor-cars was going to be a problem, he said. Whose cars?

## 10,000 acres

HE looked at me in some surprise. Why, he said, the people who work here. Then he explained that so big is this site—it stretches over 10,000 acres, though so far buildings, offices, mills, furnaces and coke ovens occupy only about one-quarter of the Summers' land—that every vehicle bears a special label to speed its coming and going through the patrolled gates.

There are 10,000 working here. Nearly one-third come to work in motor-cars or motor-cycles. I thought Mr. Summers was talking loosely, in general terms. He wasn't. Nearly 3,200 labels have been issued. New applications are coming in daily.

First hands at the furnaces frequently take home more than £30 a week. The odd one has been known to take home £40 at

a peak period, and the average for all is £15 a week.

## Expansion

MR. SUMMERS explained to me how the present production of 1,000,000 tons of steel, mainly in sheets for motor-cars, drums and such household goods as

leading member of the steelmen's union, and vice-chairman of the joint advisory committee at the works. A thoughtful, deliberate kind of man with more than 40 years' service at the plant. "We couldn't have better people to work for," he says.

Management and workers have known each other long enough. This is largely a family affair.

It was old John Summers who inspired all this. He used to make clog irons in Stalybridge, Cheshire, more than 100 years ago.

He decided to make his own nails, so he made rough steel sheets. His son, Henry Hall Summers, bought this bleak land on the banks of the Dee in the nineties of last century. And Henry's son, Richard, is now the head of the concern.

There are all sorts of joint organisations on all aspects, from production and wages, to safety and sports.

This plant, like most others in steel, has a remarkable record of internal peace. There was dispute in 1911—between two unions. But of official strikes against the management, none at all.

What can be wrong with an industry commanding the energy and loyalty of a lifetime's service from men of pride and skill?

## Peace

ONE of the most impressive men I met at Shotton was Mr. Walter Jones,



10,000 men work at John Summers. So many come to work by car and motor-cycle that they have special labels to help the works traffic control. Over 3,000 labels have been issued.

refrigerators and washing machines, would be up to nearly 2,000,000 tons a year in about three years' time. "We go ahead, whatever happens," he said.

I saw ample evidence of expansion for the future, even to reclaiming land from the tidal water by battering down the refuse from the plant, thus adding a bit more to Wales.

# The Listener

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## Immigration and Britain's Racial Riots

### 1. The present policy in the Commonwealth by Sir ALEXANDER CARR-SAUNDERS

THE Government of every country has the power to determine who may enter and remain in its territory, and every government does regulate entry, at least to some extent, on such grounds as ill health or criminal records. Generally in the British Commonwealth, there is little restriction on the movement of visitors, tourists, students and people on business or other missions, between one Commonwealth country and another; an entry permit may be needed, and, as in the case of a United Kingdom citizen visiting a British colony, that is usually easy to obtain.

It is different in regard to those who want to migrate from one Commonwealth country to another, or to obtain paid work in another Commonwealth country. No Commonwealth country places an absolute bar on immigrants from any other Commonwealth country, and no Commonwealth country has introduced a quota system, on the lines of that operated by the United States, assigning to other countries a rigid maximum of immigrants. It is true that Canada has agreed with India, Pakistan and Ceylon, on the number to be admitted into Canada from those countries in a year, but that is not the same thing as a quota, laid down by the law. It may be said that what most Commonwealth countries have done is to take extensive powers to regulate immigration, which they use at their discretion. Great Britain is the least restrictive of all Commonwealth countries in this matter. Great Britain does not demand entry permits from those coming from other Commonwealth countries, and does not impose on them conditions about their residence or their employment; indeed Great Britain treats citizens of Eire as though Eire was a Commonwealth country, which is not the case.

While Great Britain puts no restriction on the immigration of Indians and Pakistanis, the Governments of India and Pakistan have laid down regulations which are intended to reduce the flow of their citizens who would like to migrate to Great Britain.

What is the position of United Kingdom citizens in relation to

other parts of the Commonwealth? Broadly speaking, U.K. citizens are as free to enter Australia, Canada and New Zealand, as are citizens of those countries to enter Great Britain. It is not the same for South Africa and Rhodesia, which require that immigrants should pass a selection test. As for British colonies, there are special conditions for each of them, but in general we can say that a U.K. citizen, besides getting an entry permit, must, if he wishes to reside in a colony, obtain a residential permit, and to do that he must comply with requirements which may be stringent. If he wants to take paid employment in the colony he may find that he is debarred by local legislation, designed to protect local labour. India, Pakistan and Ceylon, in practice, allow U.K. citizens to enter without restrictions, although they do place certain limitations upon the taking up of state employment by U.K. citizens, restrictions also designed in the interests of the citizens of those countries.

How do Commonwealth countries, apart from Great Britain, operate restrictions upon migrants from one to the other? Australia, New Zealand, Canada and South Africa use the powers they have assumed, not to debar, but to limit severely, immigration from certain Commonwealth countries. Broadly they confine immigration to people of European origin. It is migrants of whom I am speaking. Some of these countries welcome non-European students and make provision for them—Australia in particular. But these countries do not want non-Europeans as permanent additions to their population—at least, only in small numbers.

It is sometimes suggested that when colonial governments, and the governments of India and Pakistan, restrict the immigration of U.K. citizens, who want to take paid work, they are doing the same sort of thing—namely restricting entry on a racial basis. But this does not appear to be a correct interpretation of what these governments are doing. Their motive seems to be the protection of the local labour market.

## 2. Two comments on the Racial Riots

### 1. PATRICK GORDON-WALKER, M.P.

Our prime duty, and we must never forget this, is to keep order, to suppress violence, and also to keep up the momentum of public opinion against violence and race prejudice. I think the reaction of the press, for instance, has been extraordinarily good.

But there is a real problem in Britain just now and one has got to have great sympathy and understanding for both the classes involved in it. I thought a Jamaican lady really hit the nail on the head when she said last week a good deal of the trouble was due to different ways of life. One must not over-simplify the problem. It is obviously connected with juvenile delinquency, with prostitution—problems that would arise even if there were no colour difficulties; and there seems to be fascism in it. I think there is organisation behind it, at any rate—in Notting Hill.

I think it is very important that the Government should give a lead in this. I should call together the local authorities, the voluntary organisations involved, in order to enquire into the problem, and to decide upon action. I think housing is really critical. But one immediate thing I would do is to deport Commonwealth citizens, all colours, who have been convicted of certain sorts of offence. This would get rid of the bad element that brings the good one into disrepute.

Of course, this view is my own. We have not officially settled our policy in the Labour Party. I agree with one point only of Colonel Cordeaux—that people with criminal records here should be deported. In all other respects, I am afraid I disagree with him. I think that whatever may be said, his would be a policy settled upon for reasons of colour. Nobody thought of imposing all these restrictions when there were only Australians and Canadians coming here. If it were introduced, it would, I have no doubt at all, create a great explosion in the Commonwealth. And all this talk about being sure of jobs and accommodation, and so forth, would be extremely restrictive and it would not only restrict coloured people, it would restrict large numbers of Australians and Canadians who come here and who are very valuable additions to our population. I think it is a different problem if the Commonwealth government concerned decides to restrict immigration from its end, as Sir Alexander mentioned. And I think that every Commonwealth government has a duty to educate immigrants who come here, to make it easier for them to fit in.

### 2. JOHN CORDEAUX, M.P.

In submitting my views I do so entirely as a private Member of Parliament. My constituency town, Nottingham, is known as the 'Queen of the Midlands'. It was, for that reason, a very great shock to all of us when a racial battle occurred there, and I would like to say that it was not exaggerated by the press. Innocent people passing by were set upon, thrown to the ground, slashed and stabbed and beaten about the head.

In Nottingham there are certainly other reasons which caused the fight apart from the ones given for what has been happening in Notting Hill. There is the question of housing. There is no doubt that there is resentment when people see immigrants from the Commonwealth and colonies moving into houses, when they themselves have been over five years on the council list. We still have about eight thousand on the waiting list in Nottingham. I agree, also, that it does cause bad feeling when coloured people associate with white girls, when in some cases they are living on the immoral earnings of white women. I do not suggest for one moment that that type of behaviour is any worse for a coloured person than for a white but, human nature being what it is, it creates great resentment. Then, I should like to make it absolutely clear that any restriction of immigration that we might impose, into this country, must apply, in my opinion, to all Commonwealth countries and colonies. There must be no sort of discrimination as regards race or colour, or anything else.

The restrictions that I should like to see can be summarised like this: first, the person concerned, before he is allowed in, must have a really bona-fide job guaranteed. Or, if not, then he must have some fixed sum of money over here which will prevent him actually becoming a charge on the state. It is a fact that if one is talking to old-age pensioners, and one tells them how much one wished the pension could have been raised, but that unfortunately it is impossible because there just is not the money available, one is always met with the retort: 'You say there's not any money available. But it's found fast enough to pay these people that come in from countries abroad'.

Britain is at present by far the least restrictive of all countries in its immigration policy. But I believe that if we have this unrestricted entry going on, the situation will get worse.

—(From a discussion in the Home Service)

## South Africa's New Prime Minister

By JAMES GRAY

**I**THINK it is true to say that many people even inside the Nationalist Party hoped that Dr. Verwoerd would not be chosen as the new Prime Minister of South Africa. But if what the Nationalist Party wanted was a leader who could be relied upon to carry through the policies of the Strijdom Government to the bitter end, then beyond all question Dr. Verwoerd is the man for the job. It speaks for itself that the hard, unrelenting Verwoerd has been chosen in preference to Dr. Donges, leader of the Cape nationalists, who is looked upon as a man of more moderate views and who would certainly have been more acceptable to the country at large—and incidentally one who might have been expected to get along rather more easily with other Commonwealth leaders. It is a clear sign that there is going to be no slackening of the pace. Dr. Verwoerd got his own way with his racial policies before he became Prime Minister, and he is not the man to slow down now.

It would be a mistake to pay much attention to the fact that Dr. Verwoerd had to fight for the leadership and only got there after a second ballot. That does not mean to me that there is a split in the Nationalist Party. There may have been three candidates—there is only one leader today. Donges, Swart, or anyone else tempted to challenge solidarity would do so at his peril.

No one questions the new Prime Minister's qualifications for the job although he has come to the top after a parliamentary apprenticeship of no more than ten years. He will be fifty-seven

next week and is a formidable figure of a man, well over six feet in height with the girth of a rugby forward or a Boer farmer, but he does not so much tower above the parliamentary scene as look down upon it. Modesty is not his most obvious quality. He has never the slightest doubt he is right.

Dr. Verwoerd began as a university professor—a professor first of psychology and then of sociology—and then, like Dr. Malan before him, became editor of a Nationalist daily paper without any previous experience and made a success of it. He won a good deal of notoriety during the war for the persistent way he opposed South Africa's war effort and pleaded for a separate peace with Germany as the surest way of bringing about a South African republic, which is his heart's desire. But he put all his other editorial achievements in the shade in 1947 when, day after day, he pointedly ignored the royal visit to South Africa.

As Minister of Native Affairs for the last eight years—his one and only portfolio—he has been the driving force behind the devastating flood of legislation aimed at the ever-increasing segregation of the races politically, socially, and as far as possible industrially. It has clearly been a job after his own heart, and he has carried on unwaveringly—some would say, fanatically—with-out paying the slightest attention to criticism at home or abroad. He can hardly force the pace more fiercely than he has been doing, but depend upon it, it is still full speed ahead as far as apartheid—a republic—and everything else is concerned.

—General Overseas Service

# The Remaking of a Nation

IULIA DE BEAUSOBRE on Israel today

**A** SHORT while ago I was in Israel—a small, harsh country, lived in and cultivated by great numbers of rejected people. If, following the biblical injunction, you walk through the land 'in the length of it and in the breadth of it', you can hardly fail to be moved by Israel's nation-wide achievement—the mutual regeneration of land and people. Not that I walked much, with small aircraft and powerful cars to hand; but the breadth of the land is so narrow in places that to walk from the coastline to a frontier post would be easy. And if you fly over Israel or criss-cross it in a car you soon realise its extreme narrowness, nibbled into here and there, but most strangely from the east. The length of it is a different matter. Although really short, Israel stretches from northern reclaimed marshlands away to thirsty Elath on the Red Sea.

An unbelievable variety of people has flocked into the small, frontier-plagued land. Their former background and the pattern of their past can be almost anything. They seem to have in common little more than a readiness to face hardships, hazards, and mortal danger, simply to continue where they now are. Difficulties are seen, and faced squarely; none is glossed over; yet Israeli acceptance of hard facts is shot through with joy—that of nationhood, a rejuvenating force as different as can be from obsessive nationalism. Perhaps this Jewish dynamism can come today (in an age politically cynical and flabby) only to this people in this land; maybe it will hold together those who passionately love their tiny, varied, ill-shaped, difficult country; maybe it will do so in spite of the tensions that must arise, and do, where most men develop early a traditional determination to think for themselves, feel for themselves and, often, to act on their own.

In the last resort their problem of survival boils down to this: will they mature quickly enough to sink their fascinating differences in a truly worth-while unity; will new powers of cohesion germinate in their midst and grow strong on their joy?

Since 1948 Israel has absorbed some 800,000 newcomers. All are Jews. Yet among them, as among the older settlers, even religious sentiment can vary widely, comprising extreme traditionalist rigour and an immeasurable tolerance. Haifa happens to be the world centre of the benign, all-embracing faith of the Bahai. Their temple's dome, entirely covered in gold leaf, bubbles up out of lush tree-tops on a shoulder of Mount Carmel. In the temple gardens symbolic animals (made of wrought-iron) stand at angles

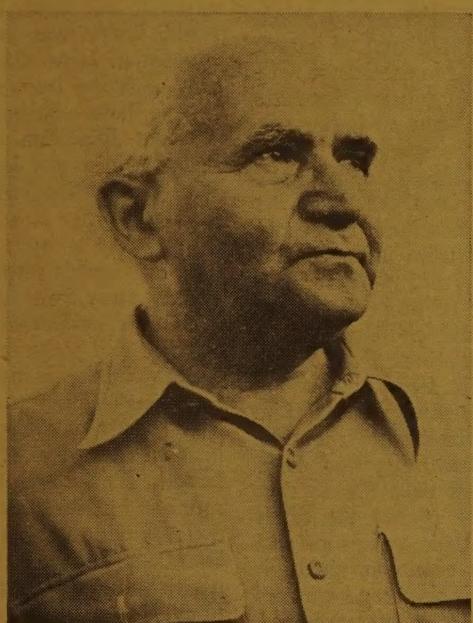
and in recesses. Whether the fiery prophet Elijah (once quick to draw the sword against leading idol-worshippers in this neighbourhood) would have quite understood the position, or approved of it, is doubtful. But for all the temple's faults and the element of chance in its being there, this alien importation admirably fits into Haifa's urbanity and, in its own way, proclaims a religious tolerance in keeping with much Israeli thought.

The diversity of political opinions, too, is great. When entwined with religious feeling such opinions can give rise to fresh problems. Two were widely publicised recently: 'Who is a Jew?' and 'What is the Jewish consciousness?' To anyone not personally involved, the very posing of the questions seems odd. But once posed, they can never be forgotten. No universally accepted answers have so far been given, and the controversy continues: in cities, villages, and settlements; in airports over beakers of iced fruit-juice; in centres of learning between times; and on the roads—precipitous winding roads in stony uplands, shady jasmine-and-orange-scented roads in flat country and rough roads in the scorching south where a succession of burst tyres may cause much delay and lead to unplanned delightful encounters. But, above all, such questions are puzzled over in homes: for the answers to them affect human relations even at their most vital

and most vulnerable point—the family.

In a land of one's own the relation of an individual to the state cannot be what it was in exile. Inevitably, re-adjustments in the family follow. And to a European, Israel is exciting because most of her new problems are basically those of the entire civilised world today; while her specific conditions render them more acute, more urgent, and more intelligible than elsewhere. The basic problems involve the whole sweep of human relations: between men and women, parents and children, the state and the individual; and also between an organised religious body and—now that bland materialism is almost everywhere on the wane—the religious disquiet of go-ahead, active members of the same body. Controversies on such issues are bound to be heated among descendants of men who launched the idea of every one of them being a priest—a servant of the Almighty and directly responsible to him. And in these days, when no state can afford perpetually to treat all its young and middle-aged women only as actual or potential mothers, the exclusion of women from the old formula of universal priesthood is bound to generate even greater disquiet.

Not long after the declara-



Mr. David Ben-Gurion, Prime Minister of Israel



Israeli girl watering sheep on a kibbutz under the protection of an armed guard

tion of independence, an important religious leader in Israel arrived, with other guests, at a big official reception. Having shaken hands with his host, the dignitary ignored his hostess' outstretched hand and passed her saying, 'I do not shake hands with women'. No slight was intended—a principle was being upheld, a tradition was being followed. But for all that, the lady of the house was being put in her place, roughly that of a second-class citizen; of whom Prime Minister Ben-Gurion had long ago resolved (in an entirely different connection) that there would be none in Israel. Time and circumstances are on his side even in this particular matter—woman's place in a society where courtesy towards women has not been endemic in the past.

### New Hazards and New Customs

In the dangerous border settlements, where young men and women (often former school-mates) share new hardships and hazards, new customs are growing up. At the signal of attack women, and children should there be any, move to the centre with the men forming round them a protective ring. Lucid instincts for the future of the nation lead to an initial but all-important, fighting-man's, act of courtesy. The women's response is a stalwart devotion. The situation at dangerous outposts lends itself to misinterpretations, and may lead to abuses. For all the aspersions cast, the young are building on sound foundations, especially those of them who have been Israel-schooled from infancy. And of the newcomers, senior officers of the Army told me that some of the roughest youths, whom they despaired of properly licking into shape, were smartened up ('really made civilised', as it was put to me) by women teachers when they joined the Army teaching staff. There is a fine body of them in Israel.

The relationship between generations is more complicated. The young are so much more adaptable. Not infrequently they are the first of a family to enter the land. Once there, they work hard to save money enough to buy part of a house or a flat so that the parents, when they do come, should be spared the often difficult first months. Families supported by their older sons and daughters are not rare just now. This is an economic situation which bites deep, especially when a daughter is the bread-winner, maybe for a crippled father and a physically or mentally inadequate brother. The state spreads wide its support; but its coffers are not bursting with cash.

Still, some traditions continue with a new twist; some very old feelings and desires live on, deepened by new hazards. A retired senior officer told me about his newborn fifth child, a third son. With a touch of sadness he explained his own and his wife's exultation that it should be a son, their third: they had calculated that in Israel no family could reasonably hope to continue in direct male descent with fewer than three. Two boys to a family is at present the average war-and-incident risk, or wastage. He said: 'Our boys will always protect our girls, but who can protect our boys?' It may be awareness of constant mortal danger and the weight of responsibilities that give young Israelis their absolute courage (in the last resort, a daily readiness to die) and also an earnestness beyond their years. Yet an infectious gaiety is just below the surface.

Diversities, divisions and subdivisions, groupings and regroupings, are typical of Israeli life so far. But the tendency did not develop after the return. When, in the eighteen-nineties, Theodor Herzl called upon all Jews to help each other regain national self-respect, the scattered communities either stirred into articulate life or vocally held aloof. Soon he was appalled by the loud, uncompromising individuality of certain groups, and by the blank—uncomprehending—hostility of a few people. Devotion to him did increase: by some lucky chance his defects as well as his qualities were suited to the need and the hour; and he spent himself without stint in many ways. His costly visits to Abdul Hamid in Istanbul, to Plehve in St. Petersburg (the Tsar would not condescend), and to Jerusalem in order there to be received in audience by the Kaiser, did not lead to the immediate return Herzl had hoped for. One of his intimate friends had already dismissed the whole movement as 'noise'. Herzl snapped back: 'Noise is everything, history is a big noise, men must use that noise'. And true enough, the noise he had raised in Jewish communities and in some court circles had put Zionism on the map; though nine years of it did kill him.

Herzl's successor as leader of the Zionist movement was a very different man working in a changing world—the world of our two great wars. Fortunately for Israel, Chaim Weizman was a gifted scientist, whose development into a great biochemist was arrested only by his wearing devotion to Zionist work. It was lucky, because his training and his natural bent helped him to evolve and master a technique well suited to his day: in his experience—that of a scientist—noise was never creative, only destructive. He, too, had to be active on many fronts. But even his prowess in duelling with 'the Mandatory Power' was less of a strain on him than the continuous sleight-of-hand needed to keep reasonably united his world-wide constituency, addicted as it was to perverse fragmentation. He succeeded, largely because to him Zionism was 'organic, like a plant, to be watched, watered, and nursed into maturity'. As in Herzl's case, the leader was well suited to the hour. But, throughout, massive support of him by world Jewry was only too nicely balanced against destructive opposition. It came even from humble followers; but most harmfully, perhaps, from rich and influential Jewish circles of the same cast as those who had been a thorn in Herzl's flesh.

When Weizman was dying, active leadership passed to the Prime Minister of Israel—a man as unlike Weizman as Weizman had been unlike Herzl. David Ben-Gurion had learnt Hebrew from his father as a small child in Russia; had absorbed Zionism as naturally as he learnt to walk and talk; and had emigrated to Palestine on his own, when barely twenty years old. He had torn himself away from family and studies in the university to become a labourer and builder in Jewish settlements. He had taken up political and trade union work, had learnt Arabic, studied law in Turkey, made his mark in journalism, and fought as a soldier. He continues to build and fight.

If Herzl was a European oddly out of place in Palestine during his visit there, and Weizman a European who late in life settled in Israel's gently undulating orange-strip where his grave is, surrounded by lovely gardens, Ben-Gurion, for all his being born in exile, is definitely an Israeli. In Palestine he first lived between Haifa and the Sea of Galilee which he came to love. But, following his vision of the future, his heart has migrated to the deep south, to clusters of new intrepid settlements devoted with passion to the exacting ideal of desert reclamation. One of them, beyond Beersheba, he has chosen for his home. Ben-Gurion is a robust septuagenarian with a taste for the higher forms of religious speculation; at times he looks young as men must be who reclaim a desert, at others old as the desert itself. From the austere, insidiously alluring Negev he has imbibed a sense of proportion, of values, and of the flow of time. And in his work as a statesman he is being plagued by destructive opposition in parliament; as an Israeli, hindered by lack of understanding abroad; and as a politician, haunted by a well-nigh perverse splintering of political parties at home.

### An Intensified Image of Israel

Perhaps the intelligibility which today's problems acquire in Israel is partly due to its small size: contrasts are more striking when pushed close together, their interactions more easy to grasp. In much the same way the newer, purely Jewish, Jerusalem presents an intensified image of Israel. It is a cauldron of mental activity and the battlefield of conflicting needs and temperaments. And it is a busily expanding town. Most of its tall new buildings are of whitish stone quarried locally. When struck by the oblique light of a clear new day some of the most handsome shimmer with sunrise colours, until more vertical light gives them commonplace solidity. In the evening, before darkness closes in, they may catch the pallor of depths and distances and begin to melt away as you look; but the switching on of lamps in rooms at once solidifies them. For all such oriental shimmering forth and melting away, this is a robust modern city, on occasion even rumbustious. Political parties clash among themselves, split, and regroup; as do clerical and academic groupings. Much emotional heat is generated. At times it seems that almost any conflict can happen, within the gates as it were; while outside, trigger-happy strangers are always within hailing distance.

Israel's blending of eastern and western traditions has a quality all its own. The most unusual of her winding, narrow terraces are built by dark-faced, long-haired Jews from the Yemen, the cun-

ning of whose hands outclasses even the art of Italian terrace-builders. But the plants that grow on the terraces may well be bred and selected by a worldly-wise expert born and educated in England; and he may still be sighing for the steady, soft rain which kept green the little lawn and fresh the herbaceous borders he inherited from his grandfather.

Eastern abilities and western accomplishments, a bent towards austerity and a fine appreciation of splendour, are some of the strands in Israeli life and art. A feeling for style is fairly widespread. Although mostly latent, it may strike the eye in a building and its approaches, in furnishings, statues, and gardens, in women's clothes and the way they are worn, in the carriage and gait of some men, and how the tables are laid and receptions planned and run. Yet staggering lapses in taste are not rare. It is as though the people's sound urge to pare down their means of expression and achievement culminated in the relief that generates the best-bred swagger; while the haunting dread of failure, penury, and dereliction found comfort in a hurried splash of tawdry.

In a republic with no aristocracy to impoverish and no oligarchy

in view, since no family can grow outstandingly rich and powerful; in a welfare-state where all work is accepted as labour deserving adequate reward, and where the margins of the highest and lowest permissible incomes are being sought through trial and error; in a land where the Army is a most active and original educational force which transforms almost all the country's gangling adolescents into well-turned-out young men and women—in a country such as this the sense of style should oust even the most pertinacious bad taste, given time. But time can be given only if none is wasted. And in Israel all dallying over inessentials is loss of time.

Awareness of it accounts for much of Israeli drive; under the impact of which the Promised Land is developing into a land of promise—for the old and middle-aged who had lost faith in mankind and for the young who are learning to build better, perhaps, than they know. Even beyond Israel's borders two of her essential and indisputable achievements should have universal appeal: her rejuvenation of an ancient people grown weary in exile, and the restoration to good heart of an ancient land grown derelict.—*Third Programme*

## France and the Proposed Constitution

I—By THOMAS BARMAN

B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

**I**HAVE been reading the speeches which General de Gaulle has been making about the new Constitution—in France and in North and French Africa. Above all, there is the one he made at the Place de la République on Thursday of last week. And it seems to me that none is as good, or strikes the same note of restrained and almost lyrical passion, as a speech he made at Bayeux in Normandy in the summer of 1946. All the main points are there of the new Constitution that is now under debate, for General de Gaulle has remained uniquely faithful to his principles. His aim is to give France a government that is capable of action. Yet there is a good deal of opposition to the new Constitution—a respectable opposition that goes well beyond the ranks of the Communist Party. It turns on the powers that General de Gaulle wants to give the President of the Fifth Republic. He is to be elected for seven years by a special group of electors—a group that could well amount to about 100,000 people—consisting of Members of Parliament, of county councils and other local government institutions, and of the overseas Assemblies. The President will appoint the Prime Minister. He is to have the right to call for a general election—although not oftener than once in a year. And, this is the sticking point for a great many people, the President will be able to take emergency powers if the institutions of the Republic are in danger and if the public authorities are no longer able to function properly.

No one suspects that General de Gaulle would want to take advantage of an emergency in order to establish a personal dictatorship. He himself has made the point that if the President in 1940 had had the powers he is now asking for there would have been no constitutional obstacle to the establishment of an independent French Government in Algeria at the time of the German invasion. What is feared is that a less scrupulous successor might well be tempted to embark upon some reckless political adventure. This new Constitution has a great deal in common with the Constitution of 1848 that paved the way for the Second Empire, and so led to the disasters of the regime of Napoleon III and to the great Communist rising in 1871.

Obviously, it is the sort of parallel that the constitution-makers have had very much in mind. And no doubt they consider that they have worked out safeguards that are adequate. General de Gaulle himself has referred in his speeches to the collapse of earlier constitutions and to the chronic instability of French political institutions. It prompts the question whether any Constitution, no matter how perfect in theory, could be fully effective in present circumstances. More than a quarter of the electorate votes for the Communist Party—a party that has been excluded from any responsible part in the Government of France since

1946. The remaining three-quarters of the electorate are deeply divided on the clerical issue, a division so deep as to make real co-operation impossible among Socialists and men with liberal or radical ideas. The result has been that power in France has fallen openly into the hands of pressure groups: the wine lobby, for example; or the Algerian lobby that has unseated government after government since the end of the war. And, now, there are the 'Angry young colonels'. It remains to be seen whether the new Constitution will be able to hold these pressure groups in check, and others with them.

II—By DOUGLAS WILLIS

B.B.C. correspondent in Paris

It is not yet fully known how much France's political parties share General de Gaulle's ambition that all good Frenchmen should come to the aid of the proposed Constitution. But the Communist Party position is crystal clear. Their 'non' resounded all round the Place de la République the other night. It is repeated on an avalanche of pieces of printed paper, now descending on the French populace. And to the 'nons' are added cries of 'Down with de Gaulle!' and 'Fascism shall not pass! '.

However, apart from the activities of the General himself, who is supported by 95 per cent. of the press, and the government-controlled radio and television, there are many new pro-Gaullist organisations springing up. Their 'yes, yes' is whitening city walls and the sides of barns and appearing in long sticky strips of paper on park benches. In the present warm weather the ink tends to run, and innocent Parisiennes in white dresses may wear the word 'oui' in reverse without knowing it until they get home. This could cost General de Gaulle votes.

Because of the renewed outbreak of Algerian terrorism, and because the Place de la République is situated in a working class area not noticeably friendly to General de Gaulle, Paris has become remarkable for the number of its policemen. Some people have muttered in my hearing that the police precautions are being overdone, that it is too reminiscent of what went on in Germany and Italy before the war. This feeling was not lessened by the actions of some of the police in the streets round the Place de la République during General de Gaulle's meeting.

The police had to be there, of course. There would, or could, have been violent clashes between the de Gaullist supporters and the opposition, but such questions are being asked as: Should the meeting have been held in the Place de la République? Should there have been so many barricades that the general public could not see and could not hear? Do the answers augur well for the future, if there is to be a Fifth Republic? Most people are sure that there will be.—*'From Our Own Correspondent'* (Home Service)

# Community Building in India and Pakistan

By HUGH TINKER

**O**NE evening late in January of this year I was sitting in the old circuit house at Benares where, in former days, the Judges and other senior British officials used to stay. It looks very much like an English country house. There are sweet peas in the flower beds, and a sundial with a Latin inscription: 'Happiness does not count the hours'.

But in January 1958 the circuit house was lodging, besides myself, officials and Ministers of independent India. As I sat in the drawing-room, with its old prints and chintz-covered settees, in came a Minister of the Central Government—the Minister in charge of Irrigation. With him was a deputation of half a dozen village elders. They obviously felt very out of place. They perched right on the edge of the settees, drawing their shabby homespun robes round them. They spoke softly, nodding politely to everything that the Minister said. The only young man in the group—he was dressed in European-style clothes—asserted himself a little, but he was clearly awed by his surroundings and by meeting the Minister, though he tried to conceal this. When they had left, I spoke to the Minister (whom I did not know), expressing the hope that he had not minded my eavesdropping. I said I was seizing every chance to find how democracy was working out in India today.

### Responsible for their own Destiny

Then the Minister (who was very tired) began to talk, almost as if he was thinking aloud, about the great problem of bringing people to realise that they are responsible for their own destiny. As one example, he told me about an area in Bihar State that is subject to floods. The people petitioned the government to build dams and canals to tame the ravages of the flood waters. The Minister had to explain that their area did not have early priority. Nevertheless, the government would prepare plans, provide engineers, cement, and other essentials if the local people would voluntarily give all the necessary labour. The first year only a few came forward. Why should they? It was up to the government to see to it. Something was achieved; not much, but enough to convince the doubters. Next year whole villages volunteered and a large part of the scheme was completed. The third year, people from outside the area wanted to join in. 'And so', the Minister said, 'gradually the people are learning that if they band together and make up their minds to achieve something, then they can succeed'.

Community projects and community development—these are words often heard in Pakistan and India today. They are part of the tremendous effort to raise the miserably low standards of living in those countries. But they are something more: a means to awaken the ordinary people to a spirit of self-reliance and initiative: a means to make them aware that as citizens of India or Pakistan they themselves are responsible for the destiny of their nation, not some Olympian government in Delhi or Karachi.

For something like 800 years most of the Indian sub-continent was under foreign rule: Arabs, Turks, Persians, Afghans, and, lastly, the British. But while empires passed away, the village has endured; 130 years ago Charles Metcalfe, the Resident at Delhi, called them 'little republics', and through the centuries they have formed the centres of loyalty, protection, livelihood. Those who lived in a man's own village were regarded as brothers, *bhaiband*, and those who were not of the village were foreigners. If you happen to have lived in a remote English hamlet you may glimpse something of what I mean: the bonds (sometimes, unwished-for bonds) which link all the members of the little community, the suspicion of outsiders, the hesitation to admit new residents into the circle. But I do not think that any English village is so tightly knit as the Indian rural community. In the last forty years Indian Nationalists have created

a mystique round the village, and the old village council, the *panchayat*, has been somewhat idealised in the way that some English political thinkers have idealised our own local government institutions of the past. I do not propose to argue the case now: the brotherhood of the Indian village is genuine enough, even if during the last hundred years ties have weakened and conflicts of interest have grown up between the 'privileged' and the 'under-privileged'.

### Identifying Oneself with the Nation

The leaders of present-day India and Pakistan are trying to mobilise this community spirit to create what Mr. Nehru calls a 'dynamic' attitude. Community development is not new in the sub-continent. Under British rule, particularly in the nineteen-thirties, it was fostered. But in those days the initiative almost always came from the British district officer. People used to call a good officer their mother and father, and it was precisely this relationship which prevailed. The district officer urged the people to build a new school, dig drains, grow improved crop-strains; and they would do so. But when he went away, the drive all too often went out of the work. The school languished, the drains became choked. For centuries the villagers have been accustomed to expect the government to take the lead; and they have thought of the government as being right outside their control. India and Pakistan have been independent for ten years now, but the attitude of ten centuries will not disappear overnight. Here is a real headache. How can the villager be induced to identify himself with the nation?

Both India and Pakistan are committed to vast five-year plans which mean total organisation of national development from the centre. Planning runs down through the State Governments to the level of the district. But in each district there are many hundreds of villages: over eighty per cent. of the peoples of the sub-continent live in villages. How can development make its impact over such a limitless field? In India most districts are divided into 'development blocks', with about one hundred villages in each block. There is a special development staff with, at the base, the *Gram Sevak*—the 'village level worker' responsible for some ten villages. Funds and equipment are available, but nothing like enough for the entire block. So the officials look around for those villages which can be encouraged to help themselves.

This usually means starting with the larger, more prosperous villages. Development is carried on at the village level by an elected council, with the village worker often prodding and pushing to start with. The key idea is that where the people themselves want a new amenity—a school, a meeting house, a road to link up with the outside world—and where they are prepared to make a substantial contribution themselves (in labour, materials, and cash) then the block authorities will come in with help which the villagers themselves cannot provide. I saw the men of one village busy on an ancient, winding cart-track which was a dust bath in the dry weather and a slough of liquid mud in the rains. When they had straightened it, levelled it, widened it, and made it firm, then the block authorities would come in with materials to metal the surface to make it into a real road.

### An Inspiring Visit

It was inspiring to visit the 'developed' villages, as they are termed. The people were so proud of their achievements, so keen to tell me exactly how much work and how much money had gone into them. There were striking changes. I had myself worked as an official in the Lucknow and Benares districts just before independence. I was impressed by the increase among girls in the village schools and in the number of untouchables, who mingled with their school-fellows instead of being apart, as before. The

village women were much more ready to talk to me, as an outsider, and some were working as teachers and health-visitors.

At first I was a little put off by what I thought was propaganda and ballyhoo. There were posters on all the walls, extolling the activities of the development programme. There were village playgrounds: why waste effort on playgrounds when there is plenty of open space and so much to be done? I was constantly greeted with shouts of 'Victory to Nehru, Victory to Gandhiji, Victory to Village Work'. 'Window-dressing', I thought to myself; 'Why don't they get on with something solid?' But I soon decided that I had got things wrong. The slogans, the glamorisation of self-help, are excellent in encouraging the villagers to believe in themselves and their own efforts, and in making them feel one with their nation.

Of course, everything was not perfect. One block development officer told me that of the eighty-odd villages within his charge only three could be termed fully 'developed'. In one prosperous village I was taken to see the newly completed community house. We walked up a lane, well paved under the 'rural reconstruction' programme of the nineteen-thirties. It was littered with garbage, and the drain was clogged with waste water. The chairman of the village council said, rather bashfully: 'I am afraid we have been too busy to attend to this lane'. Elsewhere I was taken to a model village where a propaganda film had just been shot; only one mile farther on I walked into a hamlet completely sunk in dirt and apathy. 'What can we do?', said the people. 'We are so poor'. As I looked around at their ramshackle huts, their pathetic little fields, their thin, stunted cattle, I felt it would be an insult to probe any further. What could they do? What would I do if this were my lot?

In Pakistan, it seemed to me, there was a more solid quality about the development work, but less imagination. In West Pakistan, many of the 'village workers' are ex-soldiers, disciplined and tough. They need to be, working among the sturdy, self-reliant peasants of the Punjab. I found evidence of genuine self-help in corporate agricultural ventures, chicken co-operatives, im-

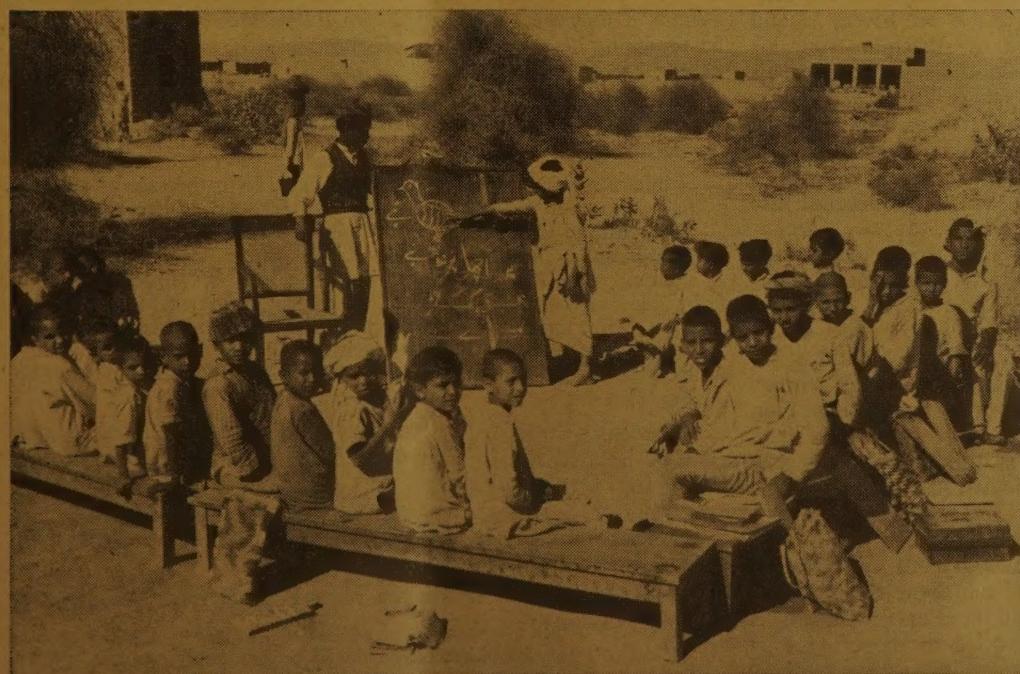


A well in an Indian village, built by voluntary work as a community project

proved systems of cropping. But I missed the atmosphere of exhilaration, mission, even adventure, which I met in India. Also, I did not find changes in the social pattern. In none of the Punjab schools did I come across Muslim girls alongside the boys. Perhaps this is because the first years after independence were fully occupied in the resettlement of refugees. Since then, the numerous changes and reverses in Pakistan's political leadership have meant that attention has not been focused on problems of development. The 'village aid' programme is still not properly under way. Besides, one must admit that much of India's success is due to Gandhi, with his continual preaching of the revival of village life and the 'dignity' of dirty, manual work. Pakistan still has to find a Gandhi. India has stolen a march on her neighbour, but Pakistan has the right human material to go ahead when the people are given good leadership and a goal to aim at. Because it is the spirit that matters.

Recently Mr. Nehru asked a senior official of Uttar Pradesh (the former United Provinces) whether it was true, as he had heard, that about half the public works carried out under the village programme possessed no practical value. The official (who told me this story) replied to Mr. Nehru: 'If I tell the truth, then three-quarters of these village works will have to be done again, they have been so badly done. But that does not matter. The people have learned that they can do things for their community by themselves. That is what counts'.

Learning that they themselves can do things for the community—isn't that another name for democracy?—*Home Service*



A boys' school at Thal in the Punjab, Pakistan, where a big government development programme is being carried out

The current number of *The Political Quarterly* (July-September, price 7s. 6d.) is a special number devoted to the passing of colonialism. The contributors include Sir Sidney Caine on 'The Passing of Colonialism in Malaya', Colin Legum on 'Action and Reaction in Ghana', and Lucy Mair on 'East Africa'.

# The Listener



BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1958

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## Classical Learning

**M**R. RAYMOND POSTGATE, in a talk reproduced on another page, says that 'the inner fortress' of pre-1914 Cambridge 'was the study of the Greek and Latin languages'. This is a true picture of the university of scholars like J. P. Postgate or A. E. Housman. It was true also of the Oxford of Ingram Bywater. Today, Mr. Postgate's statement would not be true of any British university other than Oxford and Cambridge. And although recognisable as a description of these, it would be misleading.

The reason for the change is only partly owing to the drift away from classical studies (and away from art subjects in general) to the learning of technology and science, the virtue of which is that it may eventually help British technicians keep ahead of those of other nations in a nuclear age. In fact, it is for another reason that classical studies at our universities have come to take their place as a bastion in academic society, but one which is of equal significance and respectability as those of—say—history, law, or economics. The reason is that almost imperceptibly the whole emphasis of classical teaching has changed since the first world war. In 1878, a Cambridge tutor criticised what was then called the 'pure scholarship' of classical studies of a hundred years ago. He said that undergraduates then 'studied the construction of the speeches in Thucydides, but did not confuse themselves by trying to study their drift. They read the *Theaetetus* of Plato but did not know what he was driving at...'. This unimaginative and machine-like approach to the classics did not die in the eighteen-seventies but lasted well into the present century. It was an attitude of mind, whereby everything was given up to style and the discipline of the study. It prolonged the condemnation of even writers like Lucan as 'a bit silvery'. And when J. P. Postgate excluded the work of Ausonius from his collection of Roman poets, he was doing nothing unusual for his day. Hand in hand with this prejudice, there lasted at schools, until recently, a tradition of placing too much emphasis on the trick of composition: teaching boys to spend hours trying to turn the poetry of Wordsworth into the most perfect Greek iambics or Latin alcaics; or turn the speeches of Sir Winston Churchill into the finest imitations of Cicero or Demosthenes.

Now a different climate of opinion is starting to pervade classical teaching. Much more time is spent by students in considering classical plays as plays, poetry as poetry, and prose and speeches as the stuff of which history and politics are made. Proper weight is given to the evidence of archaeology and coins. Much is done to recapture the spirit of some particular century in the ancient world and breathe in its atmosphere, rather than mechanically rehearse its grammar. The only need now is a watchfulness to see that the discipline of the study is not submerged. However, the conference held jointly last month by the societies of Hellenic and Roman studies and the Classical Association has again demonstrated the enthusiasm for the classics held by its leading scholars. Mr. Hugh Lloyd-Jones, for instance, made headline news with his call for a fresh approach to Greek tragedy. The new direction of classical studies in Britain is certainly a reason for the continued devotion to the classics by so many boys and girls at school. The overall proportion of these has declined. But the actual number has risen. Twenty years ago, 2,500 people took the higher certificate in Latin; while, in 1957, 6,500 took the advanced general certificate of education in Latin.

## What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on China and the United States

ON SEPTEMBER 6, PEKING RADIO broadcast a statement by Mr. Chou En-lai, expressing China's readiness to resume talks at the ambassadorial level with the United States on the Far East. The United States Government promptly accepted the offer, adding that in the resumed talks it would naturally not be a party to any arrangement which would prejudice the rights of the Chinese Nationalists. The American Government's speedy acceptance was widely welcomed by commentators in the free world, who had been expressing anxiety about the rising tension last week in the Formosa Straits.

In addition to the offer to resume talks Mr. Chou En-lai, in his statement, reiterated China's determination to 'liberate' Formosa and the Pescadores, and affirmed China's right to take military action against the Chinese Nationalist forces occupying the off-shore islands. He added that if the United States persisted in its 'intervention' against China, it must bear the responsibility for the consequences. On September 7, Peking radio reported mass demonstrations in Peking to protest against 'the American threat to extend aggression against China'. The *People's Daily* was quoted as calling on the Chinese people to be ready to crush any provocation by the United States; and Chinese youth organisations were said to have appealed to all Chinese youth to take up arms if the United States started a war. On September 4, Peking radio announced that the Chinese Government had formally proclaimed an extension of its territorial waters to twelve miles, and this would apply also to Formosa, the Pescadores, and the Quemoy and Matsu groups. Foreign ships and aircraft were warned not to enter or fly over the territorial waters without permission. The statement added that the Chinese Government reserved the right to recover Formosa 'by all suitable means at a suitable time'.

On September 6, from the United States a statement was quoted by the former Secretary of State, Mr. Acheson, attacking Mr. Dulles' Far Eastern policy which, he said, was risking American lives for an unworthy cause. He called on the United States to persuade the Chinese Nationalists to evacuate the off-shore islands. On the same day American newspapers were quoted as commenting on the discrepancies between President Eisenhower's statement, read out by Mr. Dulles, which left open the question whether the off-shore islands were considered to be essential to the defence of Formosa, and the subsequent statement by an anonymous official spokesman, who said it had been decided that United States forces *would* help the Nationalists to defend the islands if they were attacked. From India, Mr. Nehru was quoted as repeating his view that the off-shore islands, and later Formosa, should be returned to China.

On September 5 Moscow radio quoted a further article in *Pravda* violently attacking United States policy in the Far East. It warned:

The Soviet Union cannot remain inactive in the face of what is happening on the borders or on the territory of her brave ally. The Soviet Union will not quietly watch American military preparations in the Pacific—whose waters also wash Soviet shores. . . . Those who are inspiring and organising the new military adventure in the Far East cannot count on the retaliatory blow being confined to the area of the off-shore islands and the Formosa Straits. They will receive such a devastating counter-blow as to end imperialist aggression by the United States in the Far East.

Broadcasts from China emphasised that 'the United States will be isolated and helpless if it kindles the flames of war in the Far East'. One broadcast stated:

The Chinese people, together with the peoples of the world . . . resolutely oppose the shameless aggression of the United States and British imperialists against Iceland.

From the United States, the *New York Herald Tribune* was quoted as saying:

There is ample evidence that the U.S. is not relying on a 'paper tiger' to support its diplomatic warnings . . . Red China has its choice. It can pursue policies by peaceful means, or it can fly in the face of world opinion, risk all the danger implicit in an attack on the Nationalist forces, and stake its fate on the outcome.

# Did You Hear That?

## RICH AND STRANGE

VISITORS TO THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL this year can see at the Huntly House Museum in the Cannongate an exhibition of Turkish decorative art. It is presented by the Scottish Committee of the Arts Council, and was opened by the Turkish Ambassador to Britain and the Lord Provost of Edinburgh. JEANETTE MACDONALD spoke in 'The Eye-witness' in the Home Service about some of the treasures it includes.

'This is an exhibition of things both rich and strange', she said. 'It has been assembled by Mr. Derek Patmore, and there are some eighty-five exhibits valued at about £15,000. They include important loans from private collections in this country and from abroad. There are pottery and ceramics, embroideries, carpets, some attractive and unusual silver-gilt work, and, in the place of honour in the exhibition, a Turkish saddle.'

'This saddle was made in the late seventeenth century for a Turkish pasha who fought at the relief of Vienna. There it was captured by Prince Jablonowski who fought in the Polish army. That was in 1682. It has been loaned to this exhibition by Count Tarnowski, of London. The bridle and a portion of the trappings are of silver-gilt, chased in conventional floral designs and enriched with numerous semi-precious stones. The saddle-plates, back and front, and the bridle are set with jade plaques inlaid with gold and encrusted with rubies and pearls. This is the first time that it has been seen in any exhibition.'

'Another outstanding piece from a private collection is an Isnik jug. In 1266 a traveller spoke of Isnik as "the town with famous ceramics", and by the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Isnik had become a city of thriving potteries, making tiles for the many palaces, mosques, and other buildings being erected by the Imperial rulers. The jug, loaned by Lord St. Oswald, is a magnificent example. It is painted with spiral green and orange stripes and mounted in Elizabethan silver-gilt, intricately engraved with birds and foliage.'

'There are many other examples of Isnik ware, the decorations always carrying out the traditional motifs of the Turks—tulips, carnations, peacocks, stylised leaves—and always in their traditional colours of coral red, jade, and blue. The more warlike emblem of the eagle is used widely too, but in a delicate wisp of scarf we find peaceful and simple embroideries of wheat-ears and flowers in silk and golden threads. This scarf belonged to the late Queen Mary. Another unique exhibit is a clock made by George Prior, of London, in the late eighteenth or early nineteenth century. It stands thirty inches high and was made for the Turkish market. It has been placed in an elaborate painted wooden case decorated with a crystal dome and four crystal balls on columns that suggest minarets, and it gives out both chimes and tunes. It is strange to think of this English clock, decorated in this lavish manner, chiming out the hours in some wealthy pasha's palace.'

## WHAT THE ENGLISH EAT

'English food has had surprising ups and downs', said STANLEY MAYES in a talk in the European Service. 'In some ages we have been well fed, in others badly fed. In the seventeenth century, for example, the upper classes suffered from a lack of vitamin A because they left butter and fresh vegetables to the poor. It was the Dutch who taught us the art of market gardening and

made us better fed in the first half of the eighteenth century than we were for another 150 years. Then we degenerated into the gluttony that Rowlandson and others satirised so often in their cartoons. The nineteenth century had a passion for sugar. The poor in the great industrial cities lived on bread and potatoes—when they could get even those. There was shocking adulteration of food in London 100 years ago—plaster-of-Paris in the bread, red lead in the pepper, poisonous Prussian Blue in the tea to give it a good colour; and mahogany sawdust and baked horse's liver regularly found their way into what the mid-Victorian Englishman bought as coffee. All that has happily gone, and we live now in an era of vitamins and calories and pure food Acts and balanced diet sheets.'

'On the whole, our legislators can now be reasonably satisfied that they and the British public are being well fed. A report recently published by the National Food Survey Committee shows that the people of Britain are spending more money than ever on what they eat. This does not mean simply that prices have gone up. The survey covers the year 1956, and our expenditure then on food was 6 per cent. higher than in the previous year. Of that, 4 per cent. was due to higher prices, but 2 per cent.—not much, you may say, but significant when it is an average for the whole country—of our increased expenditure on food was in order to get better quality.'

'Averages are dangerous, and it could be that the national average was high and there might still be a wide difference between the living standards of people at either end of the social scale. But another thing that the report shows—and it goes into very great detail—is that the average amount spent on food in the lowest-income class, that of the unskilled workers, was not even 4 per cent. below the national average.'

'There is not much difference, either, in the level of standards of living in different parts of the country, although there are

other differences. There are no depressed areas now, no hungry miners from South Wales or unemployed dock-workers from Tyneside marching on London, as we remember in the early nineteen-thirties. In London, with its vast urban population and more sophisticated tastes, the expenditure on food is only 6 per cent. above the national average. The lowest figure is for Wales and the south-west of England—but that again is only 6 per cent. below the national average. And Wales and the south-west are pre-eminently rich agricultural areas and a good deal of home-grown food goes into the diet. The highest consumption of butter in the whole country is in Wales—and how good real Welsh farm butter can be.'

'However, a strange fact emerges from the report: meat, bacon, fish, fruit, and green vegetables are all more expensive in the country than they are in the towns. Only eggs and potatoes are cheaper nearer the source of supply.'

'Our meat consumption has gone up after the lean war years, though our ancestors in Tudor times would hardly have noticed it. We eat more butter and less bread, more fish and less potatoes. The fact that the consumption of bread and potatoes—the basic food of the poor according to all classic economists—has gone down speaks for itself. More protein foods and fewer carbohydrates have given us all a better-balanced diet. In terms of energy, the Englishman's intake of calories had gone up to 3140 per head each day by 1956, and that is the highest average ever



The Isnik pottery jug lent by Lord St. Oswald to the exhibition at the Huntly House Museum, Edinburgh. It is painted with spiral stripes of green and orange



A road in the Mourne Mountains, County Down

J. Allan Cash

recorded in Britain. The price of milk went up in 1956, but this had no effect on the consumption. Tea was cheaper, and consumption went up by three per cent. Coffee was dearer, but consumption still went up.

'There is a great mass of figures available for any modern Brillat-Savarin to find out scientifically what we eat and what we are. We are certainly not a nation of standardised caloric—or vitamin—intakers.

'Regional differences in tastes are still pronounced and often surprising. Scotland, for instance, which is traditionally known as the land of cakes and oatmeal, is also the land of beef sausages. And the Scots eat 20 per cent. more eggs than the English. Midlanders drink the most tea, and Londoners use the most salad dressing. Fish and chips are most popular in the north-east and herrings in the south-east. The towns prefer mutton and the countryside likes beef. All of which seems to show that the Englishman is as unpredictable as ever'.

#### GATHERING FOLKLORE IN COUNTY DOWN

About ten years ago MICHAEL J. MURPHY was sent to the Mourne Mountains by the Irish Folklore Commission. In that time he has collected some thirty volumes of folklore. Speaking in the Home Service from Northern Ireland he said:

'Some of the words, in folktales especially, poured like ripe grain from the chutes of a threshing-mill: but there are pages in every one of my volumes, even paragraphs, which took hours of talk to get. The task becomes more difficult each year. In fairy lore, many people hesitate to talk because of the fear of modern ridicule, of being thought old-fashioned or backward. Some lovely old religious tales, as well as some pure folk tales, were until thirty years ago told openly round our firesides, but the content and idiom are now thought to be too robust, too earthy.'

'The basic pattern of all folklore is general, but each district thinks its own particular expression of it, as in wakes or rituals

of magic, is peculiar to itself. I have often sat up all night with people telling me stories. I even spent the most of a winter with one man. I noted all the folklore he told me and typed it the following day, to keep up with his amazing flow of knowledge.'

'I am not always as successful as that, however. I met one Mourne man in his fields who had fairy folklore, and I arranged to meet him next evening at his own home. When I got there he ranted and waved his arms, told me I wanted to put all this in a book to make money out of it, and then he said: "No talk of good neighbours from me" (that is what they call the fairies in Mourne). "Fair may they come an' fair may they go—an' their heels to us". That simply meant that he believed so strongly in the fairies that he had decided it was safer to say nothing more. I find this kind of pure belief both a delight and an embarrassment.'

'A man sent for me only a few months ago and said he had a favour to ask, but first of all he wanted to tell me a fairy story. He was a hearty man of the Mournes, liked television and so on. His fairy story was one with a familiar pattern: someone dreams that fairy gold is buried under a certain bush. They try to dig it up but are disturbed by showers of stones, or a ferocious animal. This Mourne man had actually taken part in such a digging, but no gold was found. He wanted me to help him to hire a mine detector to locate the gold—he would pay for all!'

#### MAKING PLAQUES AND COATS OF ARMS

The distinctive commemorative plaques which the London County Council puts on famous houses, or on places where famous people once lived, are a familiar sight in the London streets. For some years now the plaques have been made at one of the factories of a large firm of potters and tile makers at Poole in Dorset, which also makes coats of arms and heraldic shields. RONALD ALLISON has recently been over the factory and he described the work there recently in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The basis for these coats of arms and shields, and of course for the L.C.C.'s plaques', he said, 'is the rich clay found in the Purbeck Hills in Dorset and elsewhere in that part of the West Country. The process of making a plaque really begins in the drawing office. There the design is carefully worked out, not exactly to the correct size, but to what is called "shrinkage scale", a scale which allows for the fact that clay shrinks three-quarters of an inch in the foot while it is drying out and during the firing. The design is next modelled in specially prepared clay, and here the work of a real craftsman is needed to ensure absolute perfection in every detail. Then a plaster-of-Paris mould is made of the model, and this is taken to the pressure-shops, where modelling clay is pressed into it. The clay remains in the mould for about twenty-four hours before it is turned out, dried, and placed in the kiln for the first of its two firings. At this stage it is still unglazed, but after three and a half days in the kiln, at a temperature of 1,080 degrees Centigrade, the plaque is cooled and taken to the decorating shop, where the glazes are floated on with a brush, again a task for a real craftsman. Finally, the plaque is taken to a second kiln, where it is fired for about twenty-four hours at 980 degrees Centigrade, and then cooled'.



Glazing a coat of arms for the Borough of Islington at a factory in Poole, Dorset, where plaques for the L.C.C. are also made

# Aldous Huxley on Thought Control

A television interview with MIKE WALLACE\*

**Mike Wallace:** As you see it, who and what are the enemies of freedom here in the United States?

**Aldous Huxley:** I don't think you can say who in the United States—I don't think there are any sinister persons deliberately trying to rob people of their freedom, but I do think first of all that there are a number of impersonal forces which are pushing in the direction of less and less freedom; and I also think there are a number of technological devices which anybody who wishes to use can use to accelerate this process of going away from freedom and imposing control.

**Wallace:** What are these forces and these devices?

**Huxley:** I should say there are two main impersonal forces. The first of them is not exceedingly important in the United States at the present time though very important in other countries. This is the force which in general terms can be called over-population—the mounting pressure of population pressing upon existing resources. This is an extraordinary thing—something that has never happened in the world before. Let us take the period between the birth of Christ and the landing of the *Mayflower*: the population of the world doubled—it rose from 250,000,000 to probably 500,000,000. Today the population of the earth is rising at such a rate that it will double in half a century.

## Over-Population and Diminished Freedom

**Wallace:** Why should over-population work to diminish our freedom?

**Huxley:** In a number of ways. Experts like Harrison Brown have pointed out that in the underdeveloped countries the standard of living is falling—that people get less to eat and have less per head than fifty years ago. As the position becomes more and more precarious, obviously the central government has to take over more and more responsibility to keep the ship of state on an even keel. Under such conditions you are likely to get social unrest, with again an intervention of the central government. One sees here a pattern which seems to be pushing strongly towards a totalitarian regime, but unfortunately, as in all these underdeveloped countries, the only highly organised political party is the Communist Party; it looks rather as if they will be the heirs of this unfortunate process—that they will step into power.

**Wallace:** Then, ironically enough, one of the greatest forces against Communism, the Catholic Church, according to your thesis, would seem to be pushing us directly into the hands of the Communists because they are against birth control.

**Huxley:** I think this strange paradox probably is true. It is an extraordinary situation. Actually one has to look at it from a biological point of view; the whole essence of biological life on earth is balance. What we have done is to practise death control in a most intensive manner without balancing this with birth control at the other end. Consequently, the birth rates remain as high as they were and death rates have fallen substantially.

**Wallace:** So much for the time being for over-population. Now for another force that is diminishing our freedom?

**Huxley:** Another force which is strongly operative in this country is the force of what may be called over-organisation. As technology becomes more and more complicated, it becomes necessary to have more and more elaborate organisations and more hierarchical organisations; and incidentally the advance of technology has been accompanied by advance in the science of organisation. It is now possible to make organisation on a larger scale than ever possible before, and so you have more and more people living their lives as subordinates in these hierarchical systems controlled by the bureaucracy of big business or of big government.

**Wallace:** About these devices that you were talking about—are there specific devices or methods of communication which diminish our freedom?

**Huxley:** There are certainly devices which can be used in this way. Let us take a piece of very recent and very painful history—the propaganda used by Hitler, which was incredibly effective. What were Hitler's methods? He used terror on the one hand and brute force on the other. He used every modern device at hand. There was no television at that time, but there was radio, which he used to the fullest extent, and he was able to impose his will on the Germans, a highly civilised people.

**Wallace:** But how do we equate Hitler's use of propaganda with the way that propaganda is used here in the United States? Are you suggesting there is a parallel?

**Huxley:** Needless to say, it is not being used in this way now; but the point is that it seems to me that there are methods at present available, methods superior in some respects to Hitler's methods, which could be used in a bad situation. What I feel strongly is that we must not be caught by surprise by our own advancing technology. This has happened again and again in history; the danger with advancing technology is that people have suddenly found themselves in a situation that they did not foresee and doing all sorts of things they do not want to do.

**Wallace:** You mean we have developed television but we don't know how to use it correctly?

**Huxley:** At present television is being used quite harmlessly—though I think that here it is being used too much to distract people all the time. But imagine the situation in Communist countries where television, where it exists, is always saying the same thing the whole time; it is not creating, but driving along, drumming in one point all the time. It is an immensely powerful instrument.

**Wallace:** You have often written about the use of drugs in this life . . .

**Huxley:** In my book *Brave New World* I postulated a substance called Soma, a very versatile drug, which could make people feel happy in small doses; it would make them see visions in medium doses, and it would send them to sleep in large doses. I don't think such a drug exists now or will ever exist, but we do have drugs that will do some of these things, and it is on the cards that we may have drugs which will change our mental state, without doing us any harm. This is the pharmacological revolution which has taken place—that we now have powerful mind-changing drugs, which physiologically and psychologically can change the state of mind but leave terrible results morally and in every other way.

## Life in 'The Brave New World'

**Wallace:** What do you think life in this 'Brave New World' you fear so much might be like?

**Huxley:** I think the kind of dictatorship of the future will be very unlike the dictatorships which we have been familiar with in the immediate past. Take another book prophesying the future—a very remarkable book—George Orwell's *1984*. This was written at the height of the Stalinist regime and just after the Hitler regime. In it, Orwell foresaw a dictatorship using entirely methods of terror, methods of physical violence. Now I think what is going to happen is that the dictators of the future will find you can do anything with bayonets except sit on them. If you want to preserve power indefinitely you have to get the people's consent to the rule, and this they will do partly by drugs, as I foresaw in *Brave New World*, and partly by new techniques of propaganda. They will do it by bypassing the rational side of man and appealing to his subconscious—his deeper emotions and

his psychology—and so make him actually love his slavery, so that people may be in some ways happy under the new regime. But they would be happy in situations in which they ought not to be happy.

**Wallace:** We believe we live in a democracy in the United States. Do you believe that this 'Brave New World' that you talk about could, let us say in the next quarter century or next century, come to American shores?

**Huxley:** I think it could. This is why I feel it is so extremely important here and now to start thinking about these problems and not let ourselves be taken by surprise. We know there is enough evidence now for us to foresee the kind of uses to which drugs could be put by people of bad will, and to attempt to forestall and in some way frustrate them. We can do a good deal. The price of freedom is eternal vigilance.

### Politics and Personalities

**Wallace:** What about American politics?

**Huxley:** During the last campaign there was a great deal of one kind of statement by the advertising managers of the campaign parties—this idea that you had to depend entirely on the personality. Personality is important, but there are certainly people with extremely amiable personalities, particularly on television, who might not necessarily be very good in positions of political trust.

**Wallace:** Do you think that men like Eisenhower, Stevenson, and Nixon were trying to pull wool over the eyes of the American public?

**Huxley:** No, but they were being advised by powerful advertising agencies, making campaigns of quite different kinds from those made before. I think we shall probably see all kinds of new devices coming into the picture in the future: for example, 'subliminal projection'. As it stands, this thing is no menace to us at the moment; but I was talking to one of the people who has done most of the experimental work in the psychological laboratory on this. His view of the subject was that it may be used to some extent in the 1960 campaign, but it will probably be used a good deal more effectively in the 1964, because once something works you can be sure the technology of it will improve steadily.

**Wallace:** Do you feel that we shall be persuaded to vote for a candidate against our will? This is a rather alarming future. Often in your writing you attack Madison Avenue, which controls most of the television and radio advertising and newspaper advertising. Why do you consistently attack the advertising agencies?

**Huxley:** I think that advertisement plays a very necessary role. But the danger in a democracy is this: what is it a democracy depends on? The individual voter making a sensible and rational choice in enlightened self-interest. The principal purpose of these people is selling goods. They try to by-pass the rational part of man and to appeal directly to the unconscious forces below the surface, in a way making nonsense of the whole idea of democracy, which is based on conscious choice on rational grounds.

**Wallace:** In a recent essay you write about television commercials as dangerous. You say that today's children walk around singing beer and toothpaste commercials, and you link this with the danger of a dictatorship. What is the connection?

**Huxley:** Well, children are quite the most suggestible group of people. If, for one reason or another, propaganda was in the hands of one or very few agencies you would have an extraordinarily powerful force playing with these children, who will soon be adults. I do not think this is an immediate threat, but it remains a possible one.

**Wallace:** You used to say that the children of Europe were once called cannon fodder, but in the United States they are television and radio fodder.

**Huxley:** You can read in the trade journals now the most lyrical accounts of how necessary it is to get hold of the children so that they will be loyal brand-buyers later on. In a dictatorship they will be loyal ideologists when they grow up.

**Wallace:** We hear so much these days about brain-washing

as used by the Communists, and other forms of brain-washing. Do you see any form of brain-washing being used here in the United States?

**Huxley:** Not in the form that has been used in China and Russia. There it is a way of getting hold of a person, playing on his physiology and psychology until he breaks down, and then you can plant a new idea in his head. The descriptions of these methods are really blood-curdling. They are not only methods applied to political prisoners but for the training of young Communist administrators and missionaries. They receive an incredibly tough kind of training, which causes about 25 per cent. of them to break down or commit suicide, but produces 75 per cent. completely one-pointed fanatics. The question that keeps coming back to my mind is that these things are not evil in themselves. Atomic energy is not evil; television is not evil.

**Wallace:** You say television is not evil, but you appear to fear that it will be used in an evil way. Why is it that you think that the right people will not use it, and that the wrong people will use it for the wrong motives?

**Huxley:** One of the reasons is that these are all instruments for obtaining power, and the passion for power is obviously one of the most moving passions that exists in man; but all democracies are based on the proposition that power is dangerous and that it is extremely important not to let one man or any one small group have too much power. Both the British and American constitutions are based on devices for limiting power.

**Wallace:** In your essay *Enemies of Freedom* you asked the question: 'In an age of over-population, over-organisation, and an ever-more efficient means of mass communication, how can we preserve the integrity and reassert the value of the human individual?' How would you answer that question yourself?

**Huxley:** This is first of all a matter of education. I think it is terribly important to insist on individual values. It is also very important to teach people to be on their guard against verbal tricks, to analyse the kind of thing that is being said to them. But I think there are many more things today to strengthen and make them more aware of what is going on.

### Is Freedom Necessary?

**Wallace:** Mr. Huxley, let me ask you this, seriously: Is freedom necessary?

**Huxley:** As far as I am concerned, it is.

**Wallace:** Do you feel it is necessary for a productive society?

**Huxley:** I should say it is in a genuinely productive society. You can produce goods without much freedom but the whole serious creative life of man is ultimately impossible without a considerable measure of individual freedom to initiate creation properly. This is impossible without it.

**Wallace:** Mr. Huxley, take a look again at the country which is in the stance of our opponent, Soviet Russia. It is strong and getting stronger, economically, militarily; at the same time it is developing its art form pretty well; and yet it is not a free society.

**Huxley:** Here is something very interesting. It is not a free society, but the scientists who are doing the creative work have a privileged and aristocratic society, in which, provided they don't poke their noses into political affairs, they are given a great deal of prestige, a considerable amount of freedom, and a lot of money. This is an interesting fact about the Soviet Union. I think we will see a people on the whole with little freedom but with an oligarchy on top enjoying a considerable measure of freedom and a high standard of living.

**Wallace:** With the people down below—the epsilon's—enjoying very little—do you think this kind of situation can long endure?

**Huxley:** It can certainly endure much longer than a situation where every person is kept down; because in this way they can certainly get their technological and scientific results. I must say I still believe in democracy. But if we can make the best of the creative activities of the people on top, plus those of the people at the bottom, so much the better.

# Atomic Heretic

By P. M. S. BLACKETT

DURING nearly twenty years of my lifetime of sixty years, I have been either training for war, fighting wars, or studying and thinking about them. In between, I became an experimental atomic physicist. Because of the dominating significance and danger of atomic weapons today and of the intricate military problems to which they give rise, I intend to talk here mainly about my military rather than my scientific career.

In 1910, at the age of thirteen, I became a naval cadet. For the next four years I received, at government expense, an excellent modern and scientific education, with a background of naval history, and the confident expectation that the naval arms race with Germany then in full swing would inevitably lead to war. When, in August, 1914, it came, I found myself sailing for the South Atlantic, where my ship took part in the Battle of the Falkland Islands, three weeks after my seventeenth birthday.

Then, in June 1916, I watched the opening phases of the Battle of Jutland, the greatest sea fight of history, from the *Barham*, flagship of the fifth battle squadron. I saw the oily patch where the battle cruiser *Queen Mary* had blown up a few minutes before. The shock to the widespread complacency about British naval technological superiority due to their heavy tactical defeat was profound. In the first three-quarters of an hour of the engagement between six British battle cruisers and five similar German ships, two of ours blew up, while little damage was inflicted on the enemy. It was this which provoked Admiral Beatty's famous remark to his Flag Captain: 'Chatfield, there is something wrong with our damned ships today. Alter course two points towards the enemy'. The new German navy, without tradition or experience, had proved itself superior in gunnery and in ship construction. It was only the marked superiority in numbers of British ships that sent the German High Sea Fleet scuttling back to harbour, and so brought strategic victory.

### Studying Physics at Cambridge

Early in 1919, after eight years in naval uniform, I found myself an undergraduate at Cambridge studying physics under one of the greatest experimental physicists of all time, Ernest Rutherford. I was indeed lucky to take part in the wonderful developments of nuclear physics in the Cavendish Laboratory between the wars, which laid so much of the scientific foundations on which many years later were built both atomic bombs and atomic power stations. For seventeen years I forgot war and hugely enjoyed myself as experimental physicist and teacher. Then in 1936 the growing threat of Hitler's Germany, and the ever-growing dangers of air warfare, brought me back into military affairs as a member of Sir Henry Tizard's famous Air Defence Committee, which, amongst other things, fathered the development of radar and vigorously encouraged the application of scientific method to the study of war.

I spent the five years of the second world war mainly applying scientific methods to the study of the tactics and strategy of air and anti-submarine warfare. I worked in turn for the Army, the Air Force, and the Navy. Under the name 'operational research' scientists were put into a position to study and analyse the planning and operational activities of the military staffs, thus encouraging numerical thinking and helping to avoid running the war on gusts of emotion. Towards the end of the war many of the operations of war, especially those concerned with aircraft, were kept under close scientific scrutiny and control. This was the era of the so-called slide-rule strategy.

These developments in the application of scientific method to war could not have taken place without the imaginative encouragement of a few senior serving officers. Outstanding among them were Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding and Air Chief Marshal

Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferté, General Sir Frederick Pile, and Admiral of the Fleet Sir George Creasy.

This infiltration by civilian scientists into the holy of holies of military staff planning did not take place without opposition. An airman was once heard to protest that the Air Force fought with bombs, not slide rules. At the height of an arithmetic controversy about the efficiency of our bombing offensive, a crack went the rounds of the Air Ministry that anyone heard adding two and two together and making four must not be trusted, as he evidently had been talking to Tizard and Blackett!

### New Dimension of Destructiveness

With the end of the war in 1945 I went back to my laboratory, but not to forget about war. For the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in August brought a new dimension of destructiveness and horror to warfare and set the world problems which it has so far signally failed to solve. Speeches, editorials, articles, and headlines were full of such ideas as 'The absolute weapon', 'Armies and all other weapons are obsolete', 'Russia has been reduced to second-class status overnight', 'World government imposed by atomic bombs is the only solution'.

When, soon after Hiroshima, the basic facts about the damage produced by an atomic bomb were published, it became possible to think quantitatively about the probable effects of atomic bombs in future wars. I felt impelled to try myself to make such an analysis: for, as far as I knew, I was the only atomic scientist brought up as a professional fighting man and I had specialised, during the war, in just this type of analysis. Since the U.S.S.R. had now replaced Germany as the potential enemy for military planning purposes, the military problem was how to estimate the role of nuclear weapons in a possible future war between the U.S.S.R. and the West.

During the first two years after the war I gave much thought to this problem, and gradually came to certain conclusions that were in marked conflict with official British and American opinion. Very much simplified, my main points of disagreement were as follows. I held that official opinion over-estimated the decisiveness of atomic bombs of the Hiroshima type in a major war against Russia, unless used in very large numbers—that is, many thousands, which they had not got. I also thought that the importance of strong land forces was being greatly underestimated, and in particular that the effective military use of even a large number of atomic weapons would be very difficult without strong land forces to follow them up. I guessed that the Soviet High Command would have reached similar conclusions and that therefore the Soviet Government would certainly stall on the West's proposals for international control of atomic weapons until they had built up their own stockpile. This is what they did, and I am convinced that Britain and America, if in the same situation, would have done exactly the same.

### Three Courses Open to the West

In more general terms I feared then, and still do today, the consequences of staking the survival of the Western way of life on the maintenance of technological superiority in atomic weapons and in the aircraft and rockets to carry them: I remembered Jutland only too well. Though warned often by their statesmen that the atomic monopoly could not last, the West behaved as if it would. I concluded that at that time there were three main courses of possible action open to the West: to attempt to negotiate a horse-deal with the U.S.S.R.—I mean by this an agreement embodying a real bargain of mutually acceptable concessions; to attempt to use the temporary atomic bomb monopoly to force a showdown with the U.S.S.R. by the implied threat of waging

preventive war; or, finally, to wait until the U.S.S.R. had herself become a strong atomic power and then have to negotiate from a very much weaker position.

When I published these views in a book in 1948 I was not altogether surprised to be violently attacked from many quarters. For it was perfectly true that my conclusions did conflict directly with important aspects of the Western policy. The policy appeared to be based on the assumption that a major war against the U.S.S.R. could be won quickly and cheaply by relatively few atomic bombs, and that strong land forces were not needed. As a result of their military views the Western Allies in effect tried to force or bluff the U.S.S.R. into accepting a state of permanent atomic inferiority, which would incidentally also have deprived her of the possibility of building up her own atomic power industry. This Western policy, which amounted to attempting to snatch permanent political advantage by exploiting a temporary atomic superiority, seemed to me bound to fail, as it indeed did.

Although in my book I inevitably made many errors of detail and emphasis, I find on re-reading the criticism that my critics made more errors and more serious ones. During the ten years since my book was published more and more of my military views seem to have become generally accepted. This, of course, made my crime in 1948 still more grievous, since what can be more tactless than to be right at the wrong time? I had committed the unforgivable sin of being a premature military realist. I like to claim, like J. M. Keynes, that 'orthodoxy keeps catching me up'. What better evidence of my present—relative—orthodoxy could there be than that I am talking to you now!

Where all the prophets went wrong, including myself, was in expecting the U.S.S.R. to take longer than she did to produce a nuclear bomb. She did this in 1949, four years after the first American bomb and three years before the first British one. The other unexpected fact was the technological break-through which allowed both the United States and the U.S.S.R. to produce H-bombs within a year of each other in 1952-3. H-bombs are a thousand times as powerful as the first atomic bombs, and a single bomb could destroy Greater London and kill perhaps a few million Londoners. A third unexpected factor was the technological success of Russia in the field of aeronautics and of rocketry, as exemplified by the sputnik last autumn. These add up to the fact that the West can now assume no technological superiority over the East in military matters, and may find itself inferior in some respects. I think I am quite orthodox in holding that H-bombs are so powerful that they could not be used against another H-bomb Power by any nation that wanted to survive.

Thus land forces again become of dominating importance. Where I am still in disagreement with official policy is in disbelieving that the West can solve its military problems by reliance on tactical atomic weapons to offset the lack of soldiers. For instance, I believe that the initiation by the West of the use of small tactical bombs on a battlefield in Europe would prove disastrous to Nato forces and would lead either to quicker defeat in the field or to Britain being destroyed by H-bombs, or both. So I seem once more to be an atomic heretic. However, I confidently expect orthodoxy to catch me up again, sooner or later.

—Home Service

## Three Poems

### Delos: Alcaics

'According to the Hymn of Homer, the wandering Latona took refuge at Delos, where she gave birth to Apollo . . . The Emperor Julian, we are told, consulted the oracle, with some degree of affectation, in A.D. 363'. (*Blue Guide*)

Men really tried here, harder than ever, but  
Again achieved just wilderness, suicide.

Reptiles, a failed race too, look up at  
Columns they once could have overshadowed.

Where gods are born, men suffer most, leading or  
Led. Here a strong man, oracle-mongering  
En route for those bad lands of Persia,  
Wasted a bit of the breath he lost there.

Heat calmly holds; sea-colour immutable  
Also. The flies, with sunset to live till, the  
Tourists, their prospects stretching further,  
Hover excitedly round the spots where

Most blood was let out; leaving behind them the  
Hairpins and coins whence other intelligence  
(Wave paler, sun less red) will guess at  
Date of disaster and end of effort.

JAMES MICHIE

### From a Cornish Tin Mine

The miner, coming upward from the sea,  
bears from the underwater lanes a dusk  
mixed from the green wave and the rock face,  
that shadows his features and his limbs not free

from the weight of workings propped below the floor  
of the sea, like empty basement rooms through which  
the wind rambles, turning over and over  
paper scraps beyond the unhinged door.

After a blind day, at evening's edge  
he climbs the side of the earth into the night,  
and feels again the water and the land,  
like the gull he watches glimmering on a ledge,

with the sense of earth and sea being separate  
only on maps; for the windy coast and tide  
fold over and into each other, hand in glove,  
and even the solid rock cannot relate

the difference between itself and foam  
that drags a melting whiteness down the face:  
living is truly peninsular here, where water  
and sky and water rub the walls of home.

KENNETH GEE

### Public Holiday

Rain makes a desert of the summer square  
And rakes the streets of flags and people,  
Leaves the overflowered rosebush bare  
And wets one side of the witch-hat steeple.

It plunges heavy hands into the plots  
Of cabbages, and rattles rows of beans,  
As big as sparrows down the gutter trots  
And drums the rhubarb's jungle leaves.

I sit alone and laugh in the dry,  
By the open window watch its force  
Shatter the long, smug summer day  
And spit on the cricket its rapid curse.

Alone in the cool dark room I sit  
Away from the fuss that summer makes,  
While the smoke from my private cigarette  
Snaps at the rain like nettled snakes.

JAMES KIRKUP

# The Face of Oliver Cromwell

By DAVID PIPER

THE verbal accounts of Cromwell's appearance vary, and contradict one another, almost as sharply as those of his character, and tend to be equally partisan—from the one extreme of Evelyn who found in 'the Falls and Lines of his ambiguous and double Face . . . Characters of the greatest Dissimulation, Boldness, Cruelty, Ambition in every touch and stroke', to that of John Maidston, who described his head as so shapely 'as you might see it a storehouse and shop both of a vast treasury of natural parts'. The evidence offered by his painters and sculptors is of course more generally favourable, because in portraiture the sitter is generally also the patron who pays. Nor is the interpretation of these portraits entirely straightforward.

The attempt to discover the truth about Cromwell's person is fogged, as is the case with all persons of great public eminence before the arrival of the photograph, by the fact that most of his portraits are official; they are state-portraits, and their job is to enshrine an image of a Ruler, a General, a Head of the State; the individual, who has temporary tenancy of the office can often in state-portraits almost evaporate within the image of the office.

By 1650, the portraitists had of course worked out various formulas that coped with this difficult compromise with more or less success; but their solutions were all in terms of monarchy. When Charles died on the scaffold, all the ceremonial of kingship withered too, and new solutions had to be found. As far as Cromwell's painters were concerned, the results were not very original; in fact, unoriginal to an extent that is almost startling, and, in context, macabre. English painters were still dazzled by the brilliance with which Van Dyck had applied the manner of baroque portraiture to Charles I's courtiers a decade earlier; it seemed to them, particularly to the favourite painter of the Parliamentary leaders, Robert Walker, that Van Dyck's designs could not be bettered. The special opulence of the Flemish painter's royal and court portraiture was not of course applicable to the Parliamentarians, and so the painters concentrated on his military designs, and they copied them with a literalness that, to the eye of the backward-looking historian, becomes very disconcerting. Thus one finds Cromwell's head fitted to the body of Van Dyck's Strafford, his Duke of Hamilton, his Sir Edmund Verney, and finally to that of Charles I himself.

Apart from this copying, Walker was not a very good painter, and his heads of Cromwell (all very similar) are rather vapid characterisations, surely inadequate. Those of the other principal purveyor of life-size portraits, Peter Lely, are better, but still rather emptily generalised. As far as the more official portraits are concerned, perhaps the most successful are those by the very gifted medallist, Thomas Simon and, in particular, the laureate profiles that he designed for Oliver's coinage in 1656. Here at least was a magnificent solution of the problem; instead of the crowned

king-head, the surely deliberate reference back to the coinage of Rome.

The overall design of these coins, though they never reached official circulation, is perhaps the finest in the history of British currency. But it is curious to see, as Oliver gradually becomes more isolated at the very top of English society, how the images of him revert back towards the traditional images of kingship, in his Great Seal especially and in the charter-headings; and it is only in his portraiture that the last consequence of his isolation was fulfilled; in life he rejected the Crown together with the Humble Petition and Advice in March 1657, but after his death, eighteen months later, he stood, in his portrait, his funeral effigy, 'vested in Royal Robes, having a Scepter in one hand, and a Globe in the other, a Crown on his Head . . .'

Yet though Cromwell's life-size painters were unequal to the task, we are fortunate that he was a contemporary of one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of English miniaturists: Samuel Cooper. Cromwell employed Cooper from about 1650 on (it is worth noting that we have no certain painting of the Protector's person before his fiftieth year), and in at least one image of him by Cooper we have a mint impression of the impact of a great man upon an artist of near-genius. The historian could not ask for a better record than is preserved in the unfinished master sketch that Cooper made of Cromwell's head; this is as it were, the 'untouched negative' which the painter kept himself and from which he

made up the 'finished' miniatures (all in regulation armour) for disposal, and it is surely as near as we shall ever get to the man himself, 'warts and all'.

Tradition attaches the famous anecdote, of Cromwell's refusal to be flattered, to Lely, but it may well apply to Cooper, for Lely's portrait looks remarkably like a diluted, blown-up version of Cooper's. Both of the only two recorded utterances of Cromwell about his portraits are phrased in terms of a remarkable modesty; the other one was when, after the battle of Dunbar, he wrote to Parliament to ask that his own portrait should not be included on the commemorative medal: 'I may truly say it will be very thankfully acknowledged by me, if you will spare the having my Effigies in it'. In fact, this request was denied, and his head on the Dunbar medal was the first (1651) of those medallic portraits of him by Simon, which constitute an official record almost as fine as Cooper's more intimate view.

To celebrate the Cromwell tercentenary, a loan exhibition to show almost all the main types of portrait of Cromwell has been set up at the National Portrait Gallery. It will remain open until October 31.

The picture reproduced on our front cover has been lent by Lady Janet Douglas-Pennant to the exhibition of Dutch Genre Painting organised by the Welsh Committee of the Arts Council at the National Museum of Wales (open until September 27)



Samuel Cooper's miniature of Oliver Cromwell (c. 1653)



Coin with the head of Cromwell, by Thomas Simon (1656)

# Portrait of a Classical Scholar

RAYMOND POSTGATE on his father

**M**Y father was named John Percival Postgate. In his day (which ended in 1926) he was an eminent classical scholar. He was editor of the *Corpus Poetarum Latinorum*; that is, the standard collection of the texts of all Roman poets from which, typically enough, he excluded versifiers like Ausonius whom he thought undeserving. Postgate's *Latin Grammar* partly ousted the clumsy and unreliable 'Kennedy' which had been almost universal, and it is still the best. His *Sermo Latinus* was an equally esteemed guide to writing Latin prose. He was a Fellow of Trinity College (Cambridge), a Fellow of the British Academy, a Litt.D., a professor, the founder of the Classical Association; and the man who reformed the pronunciation of Latin in most of the English-speaking world.

He was not tall, about five foot eight, I suppose; he had a round head with rather prominent blue eyes which could fix you with a disconcerting stare, especially if you were a small boy; he had a curious angular jaw, bushy eyebrows, and a heavy moustache which curled over his rather thick lips so that they could not be seen. The only two direct criticisms of him which I ever heard my mother make were, first, that she disliked the liquid way in which he wiped off or squeezed his moustache after drinking tea, and, secondly, that she was discomposed by the enormous noise that he made when he sneezed. It made the chandelier ring.

I am told he had very great charm, outside the house. Once he must indeed have had it inside the house as well; twenty years after their wedding day mother said quite seriously that if he died she could not bear to live. But he showed little charm to his children. He was not unkind—I cannot remember that he ever struck us—but he dominated and frightened us, and his tongue was cruelly competent to wound a child. I used to dream about him regularly until the middle nineteen-thirties, when his face began to fade. By that time he had been dead seven years; I had been married seventeen years and had two sons of my own. But he still filled my dreams.

But we were not unhappy. A Victorian father was expected to be terrifying, and mother gave us fully the love, patience, and understanding that we needed. Our life was unusual in a different way. There can have been few households like ours at any time, and I suppose there never will be any such again. We lived, as it were, within a box within a box within a box. Cambridge town was dominated by the University; the University was father's world, and therefore ours. But within that world there were circles; there was an inner fortress and there were outworks. The inner fortress, the citadel—or perhaps the keep would be a more exact word—was the study of the Greek and Latin languages. It was supported, as by flying buttresses, by admirable but lesser studies. 'What of history, archaeology, philology and so forth?' my father said in his presidential address to the Classical Association as late as 1925. 'Necessary without doubt they are, but necessary as subsidiaries. They have a right to take part in the pageant of the Muses, but they should keep their place'.

Still further out, a sort of outer *enceinte*, were those who practised what they arrogantly—and incorrectly, according to etymology—called 'science'. They were not all necessarily

barbarians. A most frequent and esteemed visitor at our house, called familiarly 'J. J.', was one of them. He was Sir J. J. Thomson, afterwards the Master of Trinity, and he could turn a very neat phrase on occasion, almost as if he had been a latinist. When a rather noisy imperialist called Seeley (you will find his name in the reference books) was appointed to the History chair on the death of the dim previous professor, J. J. attended his inaugural lecture, folded his gown round himself at the end, and said:—'Well; I never thought we should so soon have cause to regret poor Kingsley', and so left the hall.

The civilised world which consisted of these three concentric rings was not, of course, confined to Cambridge. It was also to be found in Oxford and in Trinity College, Dublin; Harvard and Yale, certain German universities, the Sorbonne, and Scottish establishments in Edinburgh and St. Andrews were what one might call allied fortresses. Papers were also sometimes received from Scandinavia and the Low Countries, usually from Uppsala or Leyden, which gave ground for temperate hopes. The recognition given to Rome, Athens, and Madrid was almost wholly a matter of Christian charity, and in the first two cases anyway was due mostly to the work of what was called 'The British School' at Rome and at Athens.

Outside this civilised world there existed, but were neither understood nor discussed, what were in effect the wild lands. Here people earned their living by working with their hands, trading, owning property, or engaging in politics. It was not possible to ignore them totally—one had to vote, for example, since income-tax had been pushed up to the confiscatory level of 1s. in the pound. But

the rule-of-thumb here was to support the party calling itself Conservative, because most changes, for the last half-century anyhow, had harmed rather than helped classical studies.

Inside the centre box, as a child, I began to learn Latin almost as soon as I began to learn English. Sometimes, when I was little more than a baby, I am told that I used Latin words instead of English where they were easier to speak. I said 'fraga bibi pul' which was an attempt at 'fragas mihi, please', 'strawberries for me', because strawberries was a difficult word. At Sunday dinner, which was always roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, none of the children were given any unless they could ask for it in Latin.

I used to hide between long bean-rows in our great garden to avoid being caught by father for extra Latin lessons. My recollections of Cambridge in the first years of this century are all of summer and all of sun; there must have been winter and rain, but what I recall are light and shade glancing between the leaves, long green beans, scarlet flowers, and a small boy lying flat on the ground between two tall lines of canes, carefully not hearing his father's call. Not, indeed, that I doubted he was right to call. I was merely lazy. His values were naturally mine; sometimes I find they still are. I cherish with pride the memory of an occasion when I pointed out a mistranslation in a newly issued volume of the Loeb Library (it was in a poem of Plato's) and I was told 'That is very intelligent of you, Raymond'. Of almost the first article I ever wrote, which was in the long-dead *New York Freeman* and about A. E. Housman, he said: 'It is well



John Percival Postgate (1853-1926)

written'. I keep cuttings of all my articles, but of that one I keep the whole magazine.

The visitors who came to our house were naturally of the same calibre as father. A. E. Housman was an indeterminate-looking man with a scraggy moustache, esteemed for his bitter edition of *Manilius* and not for the *Shropshire Lad*. A. W. Verrall—'Great Verrall bending at his desk, And searching hour on hour'—was an arthritic cripple; I doubt if he came often, for father quarrelled with him early, although originally an envious scholar had called the new Classical Association 'a place where Mr. Postgate, Mr. Verrall, and Mr. Ridgeway read each other their emendations'. 'Mr. Ridgeway', was Sir William Ridgeway, my godfather, and he was possibly the most formidable of the visitors—certainly the most irascible, myopic, and intolerant. He was so shortsighted that when once at dinner mother gave him cheese savoury in paper ramakins he sliced them up and ate paper and all. He was so furious-tempered that nobody dared tell him what he was doing.

His intolerance is perhaps best shown by his attempt to have Professor Gilbert Murray, the famous Greek scholar and Liberal, arrested during the first world war as a pro-German. Murray had published a book on the origin of Greek tragedy, arguing that it was originally a fertility dance. This (said my godfather) could not be honestly meant, since he—Ridgeway—had already published a study proving that this was all nonsense; it must therefore have a secret object. What was that? If it was accepted that Greek tragedy was based on a fertility myth in which the central figure was a Corn spirit, then soon it would be argued that the Christ story was the same. The foundations of British life would be destroyed, also of the Church of England which was a part of the State. We were at the moment engaged in a mortal struggle with an evil enemy, for which we needed all our strength, and so on. The argument appeared to Ridgeway unanswerable; but the Home Secretary ignored it. But such disputes of course passed over our heads. Nor were the neighbours whom we respected those whom the outer world has remembered. The Keynes family lived next door—the important member for us was old Mrs. Keynes, not John Maynard Keynes. The Frazers lived three streets away; the more significant of the pair was not Sir James, who wrote *The Golden Bough*, but Mrs. Frazer, a tough, deaf Frenchwoman, who entrapped simple-minded boys into doing work in her garden for the reward of a quite insufficient tea.

### Naming the Children

Boys, or, indeed children generally, were not of great importance fifty years ago; there were too many of them. Our family consisted of six living children, two girls and four boys, and the method by which father named the boys seems to me to be frivolous and to show a basic belief in their unimportance. Mother picked 'Raymond' for me, the eldest, as a romantic name, and 'Esmond' for the second because she had been reading Thackeray. Father then said that she must carry this sentimental business through properly, and any more sons must also have names ending in 'mond'. The next boy was not too difficult—'Ormond'. But the unexpected arrival of a fourth son produced great embarrassment, and there followed a discussion in which I was old enough to take part. 'Desmond' was rejected as sounding too like 'Esmond'; so also was 'Osmond'. 'Redmond' was the name of an Irish politician of whom father vehemently disapproved. Somebody found there was a saint called St. Evremond, but to that father said 'I will not have this discussion turned into a farce'. My youngest brother, by a process of exhaustion, was eventually named after the town of Richmond, in Yorkshire.

Father was very penurious; like many members of the middle class in the prosperous Edwardian days he was convinced that he was about to be ruined. When he died he left something over £33,000, which at 1958 English prices would be worth something like £80,000, but nobody had the least suspicion of this. I was allowed one shilling a week pocket money when I was at school; when I was at college I was underfed. Most of my surviving correspondence with father concerns attempts to get more money for food (I was paying three-quarters of the costs myself, by scholarships), and when I first met my wife in 1918 I invited her, as a social amusement, to count my ribs. She did; she made them fourteen. If a cache of butter concealed itself in a hole in the

bread when you spread it—surely a piece of good luck any child could count on—father would dig it out. My mother, quite late in life, had no good warm winter overcoat; father himself was certainly not well dressed, and travelled everywhere he could by bicycle, to save fares.

My relations with father were a history of conflict, but I see now that it would be unfair to argue that the fault was all his. I must have been a very difficult boy indeed. My sister Margaret has written that I was the most obstinate small boy in Cambridge; I cannot conceive how she could know that to be true. She also alleged that I had the unusual gift of making my nose bleed at will during any proceedings which I no longer wished to attend, such as a rebuke by father or a long sermon in Great St. Mary's church where we were sent every Sunday. This I know is untrue; my nose bleeds easily and freely, but at inconvenient, not convenient, times. When I was introduced to the Master of Trinity, a venerable bearded man who might be going to award me a scholarship, it shot out blood like a fountain.

### A Young Agnostic

But it is true that what I did not wish to do, I did not do. I can recall but one incident in which I gave way to anything but *force majeure*. When my brother Esmond was old enough to be allowed to stay up to dinner he was given the duty of returning thanks. As I had become a young agnostic, I turned my head away one evening as he did this, and father told me to stay afterwards. I was too afraid of him to keep my voice steady, but I intended to hold to my opinions. I can remember his first words: 'I will admit', he said, 'that I do not myself have great belief in the efficacy of the imprecation to which you have objected'; I noted even then the classically correct use of the word 'imprecation'. He went on to say that a belief in God, though not necessarily well-founded, was yet necessary as a support for weaker human beings, such as women and children. Therefore, for the sake of my mother and Esmond, he wished me to abstain from any public repudiation of the Almighty.

In short, he was arguing with me, and I gave way. If he could have brought himself to argue with me more often and more gently, life might have been happier for us both. But the fact was he did not like me. Neither he nor I, at that date, thought it conceivable that a father could dislike a son. That would be unnatural. Therefore, the circumstance that the sight and sound of me displeased him so much must be due to my quite exceptional misbehaviour, and this must be pointed out to me.

But I think it is also true that about this time—around 1909—he did become a sourer man. The Regius Professorship of Latin at Cambridge is one of the highest positions in the world that a Latin scholar can attain to. My father had hoped for it; it was given to A. E. Housman. In his disappointment, Father left Cambridge altogether and went into the wild lands, to become Professor of Latin in the new University in the vast and dirty city of Liverpool. He must have felt like the poet Ovid, who was unjustly exiled from Rome to the desolation of a Bulgarian port, and spent the rest of his life in writing elegiac complaints about it.

### Estrangement and Reconciliation

I was estranged from my father for many years. I was a pacifist in the first world war, and I was a socialist: two things he could not tolerate. He would not meet my wife; he would not recognise his grandsons. But I cannot tell that story now. We were reconciled, partly at least, a little while before his death. He invited me, without any warning, to dine with him in London University. He talked to me resolutely of nothing but indifferent matters. As we parted, I said something to the effect that I had been deeply glad to be asked to dine with him, and that I hoped he would some day come to dine with me and my wife. 'Ah', he said, and his face was very kind. 'I will send you a full set of my studies on Greek accents. I will sign it'. He did; I have it still.

They were the last words he said to me. Soon after he was riding his bicycle in Cambridge, when he was knocked down and killed by a steam lorry. Even at that minute he showed the toughness and decisiveness of the Victorian. The lorry struck his head and by all physical laws he should have been dead already, but he said in a clear voice: 'Take me to Addenbrooke's Hospital; I have a subscription there'.—*Home Service*

# NEWS DIARY

**September 3-9**

**Wednesday, September 3**

Government publishes statement on recent racial riots in London

It is announced that the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will visit Canada next summer

British Ambassador in Reykjavik protests to Iceland Government about boarding of a British trawler

**Thursday, September 4**

Chinese Government announces extension of its territorial waters from three to twelve miles. President Eisenhower warns China that he will not hesitate to use American forces if the security of Formosa is threatened

General de Gaulle announces the proposed new French constitution

Trades Union Congress passes resolution reaffirming its opposition to restraint on wages

**Friday, September 5**

West Indian Ministers arrive in London for talks on racial rioting

Chancellor of the Exchequer says that he does not expect the personal loan schemes recently introduced by some banks to endanger the Government's policy of preventing inflation

**Saturday, September 6**

United States Government accepts offer by Chinese People's Republic to resume talks at ambassadorial level

Chairman of the National Coal Board says the industry is facing 'really serious financial difficulties'

Sir Hugh Foot, Governor of Cyprus, arrives in England and has talks with the Prime Minister and the Colonial Secretary on the new plan for the island

**Sunday, September 7**

Chinese Government broadcasts 'serious warning' to United States about her warships infringing China's new twelve-mile limit

In Cyprus, leaflets signed by leader of Eoka state that for every Greek killed an Englishman will be murdered

Venezuela Government announces that an attempted coup d'état by the army has failed

**Monday, September 8**

Mr. Khrushchev tells President Eisenhower that no stable peace will be possible in the Far East until the American navy is withdrawn from the Formosa Straits

British Trawlers Federation says it is prepared to continue fishing inside Iceland's twelve-mile limit 'indefinitely'

**Tuesday, September 9**

United States proposes to China that talks on the Far East situation should begin as soon as possible

Bombardment of Quemoy slackens  
British ship-building unions reject wage offer of three per cent.



A thunderstorm of tropical intensity swept across southern England last Friday leaving a trail of damage. Torrential rain caused chaos on roads and railways and some lines on the Southern and Eastern regions were put out of action for the weekend. This photograph, taken the following morning, shows the railway track at Sevenoaks tunnel, Kent, blocked by earth



Sir Winston and Lady Churchill who will be celebrating tomorrow, in the south of France, the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding: a recent photograph taken at Chartwell, their home at Westerham, Kent



A service being held at the base of Oliver Cromwell's statue in Westminster Abbey on September 3 to commemorate the 300th anniversary of his death. In the centre is Mr. Isaac Foot, President of the Cromwell Association, who laid a wreath and gave the address. (See page 500)



The scene in the town of Wickford, Essex, the day after Friday's storm. Essex was one of the worst affected counties. On Saturday the storms moved north causing severe damage and floods in many places in Scotland



Huge crowds demonstrating outside the British Embassy in Reykjavik, capital of Iceland, on September 4. Later a mass meeting was held in the main square which was addressed by leading members of all the political parties, denouncing Britain's action in the fishery dispute



Mr. Norman Manley, Chief Minister of Jamaica, talking to coloured people at a mass meeting in London last Sunday. Mr. Manley, Dr. Lacorbinière, Deputy Prime Minister of the West Indies Federation, and Dr. Cummins, Prime Minister of Barbados, are here to discuss the recent racial disturbances



Lord Justice Parker, who has been appointed to succeed Lord Goddard, at the end of this month, as Lord Chief Justice of England. Lord Justice Parker, who is fifty-eight, was chairman of the tribunal set up last year to enquire into the alleged leakage of information about the Bank rate



Giant panda 'Chi-chi', a guest at the London Zoo for three weeks, enjoying a meal of bamboo shoots



One of Britain's newest rockets, 'Black Knight', which was successfully launched from Woomera range, Australia, on September 7

# The Mala Ohu

A tale from the Western Pacific by D. C. HORTON

**W**HEN a boy grows into a man in the South Seas the occasion is celebrated in many different ways according to his race and the island on which he is living. The Polynesians and Melanesians are entirely different in their customs, and again amongst each race there are variations. But what strikes me as so interesting is that all over the world, whether people are primitive or civilised, they have these coming-of-age ceremonies, and there are a couple in the Solomons in the Western Pacific which are of some interest.

I was working on the island of South Malaita in June one year when the headman told me that the climax of the coming-of-age ceremony for the young men of the village was to be next day: would I like to see it? Of course I jumped at the chance because, despite all my reading about the customs of the Solomon people, I had not come across this particular one which was called the Mala Ohu.

I asked the headman what was to happen, and this is what he told me—if you can imagine it all in torrents of pidgin English. The people of the village, he said, were fishing and seafaring folk, bold men of the sea, and in the old days much addicted to piracy, and kidnapping and killing, though not cannibalism to any large extent. Naturally their way of life turned on the sea, and the thing they revered almost more than anything else was the bonito: to them it was the king of fish. He is a big, beautiful fellow, like a very large mackerel, whose coming each year was celebrated by the priests with special prayers; and the sea maidens, who were said to live in the land of Kela to the west, stood perpetually in the sea waiting to receive the sacred bonito, who were no ordinary fish but virgin-born and under the care of special ghosts and sharks.

But that was only one aspect of the story, and what fascinated me was the way in which the manhood ceremonies of the boys were linked with the sacred nature of the bonito. The boys, who included the son of the chief, had to spend a period of their lives in strict seclusion preparing for the great day on which they would be reckoned as men. During that period, which might last for months, the boys were not allowed to see women and they lived in the canoe houses on the beach.

The women could not go near the canoe houses, and when they brought food for the boys it had to be set down well away from the area and then they would blow a conch shell and one of the boys would go and collect the food after the women had withdrawn. If by chance the boys saw a woman she would be chased away with stones. The older men, too, restrained their language in the presence of the boys and they

made them bathe at dawn so that nobody would see them. The whole idea was to keep the boys as pure and virginal as possible so that when the moment came to go out with the fishing canoes for the first part of their coming-of-age ceremony they would not defile the bonito by being morally or physically unclean.



It was late afternoon when the headman told me all this, and he said that another part of the ceremonies would take place that evening at twilight. If the sharks who guarded the village were pleased with the boys, they would come in to the canoe landing place and bring a beautiful boy with them—a boy who had come of age in another village and whom they had chosen for this honour. So, as the light began to fail, we walked down to the shore where a crowd of people had collected and the *fa'atambu*—the shark priest—was chanting a prayer in a high monotone which was rather eerie. Everyone was very quiet and there were no women present. The sky colour changed rapidly from deep blue to a sunset red, shot with overtones of orange and green. The sea was calm and there was only a slight whisper of waves on the beach.

The chanting stopped; everyone looked seawards; there was an air of tense expectancy, and for long-drawn-out moments nothing happened. Then there was a stir, a noise of indrawn breath, for out at sea a sharp, triangular fin broke surface and headed for the beach. Two more appeared on either side of it, and they all came steadily forward. The light began to fade, then suddenly behind the three fins I saw the fin and back of what must have been an enormous shark. The three smaller fins sank away but the single huge fin came nearer and nearer. The people watching could hold their pent-up emotion no longer. A strange joyful cry went up—the shark had come with the boy and everything was all right. Then night fell and the shark was lost to sight. We turned and walked away up the beach.

'You saw it, Master? You saw the shark and the boy?' The headman was as excited as the others.

'Yes', I said, 'I saw them'.

In that darkness the single very large fin to a people who were worked up into fanatical belief in their legend could easily have looked like a

boy riding on the guardian shark. But was it just coincidence that the sharks should come in on the appointed day, at the right time, and in the right place?

The next morning, very early, the headman came for me, and I went rather sleepily down to the beach. There the bonito canoes were being carried down to the sea. They were beautifully decorated with shells and drawings of frigate birds, bonitos, sea eagles, and the other sea birds which always hung round the fish shoals. Each canoe took one boy who got in and lay down on the bottom of the canoe and was covered with a mat made from palm leaf. Then the canoes headed out to sea.

'Why are the boys covered up?' I asked the headman.

'No women must see them go out from the beach. But when they reach the fishing grounds they are

allowed to sit up. Then the father of each boy will make a prayer to the guardian sea spirit and start fishing. As soon as the first bonito strikes, the father puts the boy's hands on the rod and they haul in the fish together. He has then passed the first step towards becoming a man, and when the canoes return the first-caught bonitos are given to the priest, who sacrifices them to the sea spirit. After that everyone starts to get ready for the big ceremony'.

During that day I noticed great activity going on near the beach and much cooking being done, and it was a little after midday that the headman came to me and said that the final ceremony was about to begin. So we went along and there I saw what the people had been building all the morning. It was a platform raised about six feet from the ground with a ladder at one end leading up to the top. The platform was lavishly decorated with red ochre and palm leaves and large heaps of food: sweet potato, roast pig and fish had been put on palm-leaf platters on top of the platform; the people must have spent days getting everything together.

Then, up from the beach, came the procession of boys led by the chief's son. Very splendid they looked, with their shining copper-coloured bodies set off with woven bead anklets, knee bands and armlets, their hair bleached straw colour with lime and adorned with feathers. They were carrying highly ornamented small bags—hook bags, they were called—in which the bonito hooks were carried when they went fishing, and each had a spear tasseled and elaborately bound.

The people crowded round to admire them, especially the girls, but without saying a word

boys climbed up the steps with as much gunity as they could muster and settled down eat. From time to time they gave their relatives and friends titbits as they milled round now, shouting and yelling and thoroughly joying the occasion which, after all, was the max of so many months waiting. Eventually erything was eaten and the boys clambered eerfully down from the platform to greet their ilies.

'And now what happens?' I asked the headman.

'Oh, now they go and parade up and down the village for the girls to see; and fairly soon the boys will say which girl they want to marry, and if the families can agree about the money to be paid for the girl, the marriage will be arranged. But sometimes the young man's family can't afford to pay for his bride, and then he has to go and work for his wife's family until he has earned her. Of course, that occasionally leads to trouble, because there may be row over the amount of work the bridegroom is supposed to do and he may be badly treated. Only a little while ago I had to settle a difficult case which came about because of a fight between the family of a woman who had been married this way and the family of the husband.'

'Well, what did the husband do—which side did he take?'

The headman grinned. 'Oh, he ran away and let them to fight it out. But it didn't end there, because both families said he was a coward for not fighting and they wanted him to pay a fine at both sides. He hadn't got any money so he came to me for advice. I told him to go and work on a plantation so that he could earn him-

self some money. I thought it would serve both families right, for his wife could go with him to the plantation away from the nagging of her family, and neither family would have his help with the heavy work—the fishing and canoe-making and gardening.'

I had to admire his wisdom, and not for the first time I wondered how many disputes were settled rightly or wrongly out of court, so to speak. But I thought better of enquiring more closely: it might have uncovered a great deal about which it was wiser for me to remain officially ignorant.

Before I went to Malaita I had been district officer of the island of Ysabel, and there the coming-of-age ceremony was completely different. I think it must have had something to do with the fact that the Ysabel people were matrilineal and the descent went down the mother's side, while on Malaita the people were patrilineal and the descent went down the father's side. I heard about the Ysabel ceremony in a round-about way. I was interested in all the Ysabel customs and used to go along to the local village to yarn with the old men. One of them, Sulu by name, was an expert canoe maker, and I persuaded him to make me a three-man canoe. The Ysabel canoes are shaped like crocodiles, with their mouths open and their tails high in the air—lovely, seaworthy craft. To get the wood for the canoe we used to go up into the forest to some special trees, and while we were cutting the timber we would talk about odd things and I would hear a good deal about what went on in the village. One day Sulu looked up at the trees and he mentioned that they were used in the magic spell which brought a boy to

manhood. I asked him to tell me about it, and this is what he said.

When a boy's father thought it was time for him to assume a man's duties in the village, he would make certain arrangements with the women-folk of his clan and then, on an auspicious day in the season of the south-east trade winds, he would take his son into the forest to a group of the tallest and most majestic trees, and there he would call upon them, starting with the biggest, to look upon the boy who was to become a man and grant him their grace and favour. It was very important to get the trees in their right order. After that, telling the boy to stand still, the father would slip off into the bush. While the boy was wondering what to do there would appear a married woman of his own clan, who with care and kindness would teach him the art of love.

Then the father would come back again and begin a chant, calling upon all the trees in their order to take note that his boy was now a man and to imbue him with all their strength, virtue, grace, and understanding, and to give him long life and happiness. After that the father would take his son back to the village and announce that from henceforward he was to be regarded as a man.

I had listened to this recital with great interest. 'What happens, Sulu?' I said, 'if the father gets the order of the trees wrong?'

'Then the trees are angry and the magic will not work.'

'And what do you do then?'

'Well,' said Sulu, with a wicked leer, 'the whole thing must be done again.'

—Home Service

## Growing Begonias

By F. H. STREETER

**F**OR bedding out, I do not think begonias, either the tuberous or fibrous rooting type, can be beaten for beauty, healthiness, and the length of time they are in bloom. The tuberous begonias can be sown from seed. By sowing the tiny seed at the end of February and pricking out the young seedlings in April you can have nice young plants to plant out the first week in June. Lift them carefully out of the boxes, taking care not to damage the young roots. Always keep the ground moist: plenty of water; a mulch with top manure or fine peat is helpful, or you can feed with weak manure-water twice a week. At the end of the season lift them with a ball of soil round the roots and stand them close together in fairly deep boxes until the tops die down, and the soil becomes dry. Clean the tubers of all soil, and store them in boxes of dry sand in a frost-proof store until April. Then start them into growth in either boxes or a frame ready for bedding out.

The double tuberous varieties are ideal plants for the greenhouse or the window in a cottage. The colours of both single and double varieties range from scarlet to shades of pink and white, so you can select and grow what colour you fancy. They are not difficult to grow, provided you give them a nice open soil, plenty of mois-

ture and shade, and safe storage in the winter.

Another class of begonia that has become popular in recent years, both for bedding and pots, is the fibrous-rooted one. The most important for bedding are the many beautiful



Begonia Maculata

varieties of *Begonia semperflorens*. These can be raised from seed sown in February, or from cuttings from the base of plants lifted and potted up and kept in a warm house over the winter. These cuttings must have warmth and moisture. Again there are plenty of colours to select. I will just name Indian Maid, with its lovely scarlet flowers over deep bronze foliage, Pink Perfection, and Triumph, which is white. As pot plants they are extremely useful, and will last for months indoors, as long as you keep them well watered and fed. They are first-rate plants for window boxes.

There are a large number of pendulous begonias suitable for hanging baskets. There are several named sorts—but one you can easily raise from seed is called *Begonia Lloydii*. Moss the basket well, and fill it with a fairly rich soil of loam, peat, and sand, and a little crushed charcoal. All begonias must be kept moist.

Recently there has been a revival in the cultivation of the beautiful *Begonia Rex* with its striking foliage. The variety *Imperialis* has olive and greyish green leaves, while those of *Maculata* are silver and green. You can easily root new plants from the leaves in a pan of sand. For the man with the small greenhouse a few *Begonia Rex* planted under the stage will give him colour interest at all times.—*Network Three*

# TOP STARS USE THE TOP TAPE RECORDERS



## Hancock's Three Hours

"I've been around you know; oh dear me, yes. I know the drill. The day I got the fourth fan letter with a stamp on it I nipped out and got a Grundig.

After that, learning lines was dead easy. Sitting with me feet on the mantelpiece mugging up the cues with the old Grundig, three hours to a tape, change it as often as I like, hear myself as real as I'm talking to you now; I could see what would happen. In next to no time there'd only be two names in steam radio. Mine and James Watt who invented it.

I was dead right, of course. I had that producer doffing his cap quicker

than you could say 'Sid James'. I even had Sid James doffing his cap (and he's not a lad for lifting his lid, is Sid).

There I'd stand in the studio, master of the situation, a radio script in one hand and a television script in the other, offering the less fortunate members of the cast a dip in my bag of jelly babies, flinging in a few lines of Gogol, and that lot, to give 'em a bit of cultural uplift. Nonchalant? Oh my word, yes. I'm twice the man on Grundig (and I may tell you there are people who'll say that isn't possible").

**Tony Hancock invites you to send for details of Grundig tape recorders.**

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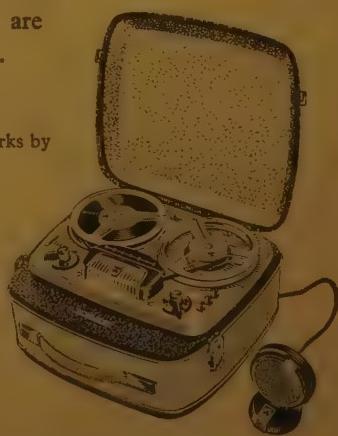
Nearest Town .....

GSL118a

\* Mr. Hancock omitted to mention that he also has a very interesting collection of modern music on tape, notably works by Stravinsky, Shostakovich and Kodaly. Not to mention the East Cheam Railway Cutting Skiffle Group.

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# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## Knowledge and Know-how

Sir,—Mr. Iliff's criticisms of my remarks about teaching science to arts students would be valid if they were criticisms of anything I actually said or believe. I am far from thinking an amateur interest in science contemptible or snobbish. By all means let musicians interest themselves in science and scientists in music. But it is one thing to encourage an existing interest, quite another to claim that everyone 'ought' to have it and cultivate it, that there is something disreputable in ignorance of modern scientific theories. It is this idea that I condemned as woolly and attributed to snobbery, the sort of snobbery that, in another sphere, looks down on people who mispronounce foreign names.

As to the popularising books, why does Mr. Iliff think I disapprove of them? Or of literary classics told to the children in pictures? As a matter of fact I don't. What I said was that these two were alike in not giving the reader the real thing. So long as they do not claim to do so, this is no slur. But it is a reason for denying that popular science books will do the specific educational job that I was talking about.

The idea that 'scientific method' can be taught without concrete illustrations drawn from the activities of scientists is one that I have always deplored.

Yours, etc.,  
Leicester P. H. NOWELL-SMITH

Sir,—We Scots have become accustomed to hearing the value of the education to be obtained at our universities impugned by those who are involved, in some way or other, in the English universities.

It comes as a pleasant surprise, therefore, to find Professor Nowell-Smith outlining as his view of an ideal university education a system which has been in operation in Scotland for years past. Professor Nowell-Smith, however, implies in his lecture that this ideal is as yet unrealised. So, perhaps, he and others would like to be reminded at least of the Glasgow system.

Here, as a student of English literature, I have to take classes in two subjects other than English literature in order to complete my honours degree. One of these subjects must be either a foreign language or logic or moral philosophy. Consequently, at some time during the last three years I have been attending classes extending for one academic year in moral philosophy and history as well as classes in English. In addition I also extended my history studies over another year, which is common practice among English students in Glasgow and was, at one time, compulsory. The period of history covered in the first year was European history from 1558-1832 and, in the second year, British history of the same period, which overlaps to a considerable extent the period suggested by Professor Nowell-Smith. The only aspect of 'the ideal education' omitted has been study in one of the sciences, and this is my omission rather

than the university's since provision is made for the arts student who wishes to study a science subject for one year.

When, and if, I graduate next May, I will be able to say that, as a typical Scottish student at a typical Scottish university, I have had the chance of acquiring an ideal education, for I agree with Professor Nowell-Smith that it is ideal. The opportunity does exist, and in the much-maligned Scottish universities.

Yours, etc.,  
Renfrew STEUART STEVENSON

Sir,—Professor P. H. Nowell-Smith, in THE LISTENER of August 28, contends that Plato and Kant were not men who knew much, but men who thought well. I would like to suggest, on the contrary, that they were men who at least thought they knew much (as it often seems do many great philosophers) and, in fact, were men who did not think particularly well (nor, admittedly, particularly badly, within the scope of Aristotelian logic). Indeed, the ways of thought or idioms of language used by these men is one which is limited by its lack of the scientific or empirical idiom or the deeper logic of contemporary thought. We do not, therefore, particularly want to learn to think as Plato and Kant thought.

On his suggestion for an educational course, the contention that philosophy is the best training we have in clear and rigorous thought is too strong. Professional philosophers (there are many of them) are, as is normally demonstrated at their conferences and meetings, some of the most confused and angry thinkers that exist, and their climate of argument and opinion can, in my view, be quite unhealthy to a sane person with a developing sense of wonder. Further, to have our intellectual leaders (or the output from the university) all inevitably deeply specialised and skilled in discussing matters relating to the history of western Europe from 1453 to the death of Louis XIV would surely be too precious. Wouldn't any piece of thoroughly competent study on any subject-matter within the resources of the university be sufficient and make for a more imaginative output?

The idea of having at least one modern language as part of the equipment of everyone who calls himself educated does seem to me to be a good idea, but not necessarily for Professor Nowell-Smith's reason. It would be as an aid to international understanding that the idea would appeal to me. English is quite widely spoken and written and one can always train oneself to speak and write it more clearly by using it both more frequently and more circumspectly.

Yours, etc.,  
Oxford PETER DAWE

## Coming to Terms with the Arabs

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Trevor MacDonald, makes the astonishing assertion that he has 'never heard a Zionist express gratitude for

Britain's alleged devotion to the cause of the establishment of a Jewish state in the Middle East'. I know something of the record, having been General Secretary of the International Zionist Movement, and I can assure Mr. MacDonald that crowded public meetings of Zionists were held in many countries in 1917 and 1918, at all of which gratitude was expressed to the British Government for being the first to recognise the justice of their cause.

Mr. MacDonald is right in maintaining that what he calls 'the Foreign Office view' soon prevailed and every effort was made by them to reverse, or at least neutralise, a pro-Zionist policy. It was this which turned Palestine first into a political and then into an actual battleground.

Your correspondent appears to believe the Arabs will not be satisfied with anything less than the total disappearance of Israel. Others hold the view (which I share) that they will not risk a third defeat. The heroism, skill, and patriotism of the Israelis will again achieve a well-deserved success. In my view, there will be peace in the Middle East so long as Israel remains too strong to be attacked.

Reviewing the last forty years since the first world war, it is clear that the Arabs were for a time grateful to Britain for her help against the Turks. They are now grateful to Moscow for its help against the British and Americans. In due course they will transfer their gratitude to somebody else for help against the domination of Moscow. In these circumstances perhaps the wisest course for Britain and the United States would be to follow the example of France in establishing an *entente cordiale* with Israel.

Yours, etc.,  
London, N.W.2 SAMUEL LANDMAN

## The Church and Divorce

Sir,—A man who marries in church makes the following vow: 'I N. take thee N. to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part'. That sounds suspiciously like a vow of unconditional self-committal for life. But a vow of that kind—so Mr. Suckling says—is a sure sign of mental derangement. It therefore seems that every marriage contracted in church is *ipso facto* null and void on the ground of insanity. I wonder if Mr. Suckling spotted this entertaining implication of his letter?

But it is salutary to be reminded how incomprehensible some people find the kind of love which is revealed in the Cross. The Christian who is chuckle-headed enough to sing

Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all  
must be forgiven for viewing unconditional self-committal for life rather differently.

Yours, etc.,  
Windsor G. B. BENTLEY

Sir,—Many of your readers, and doubtless hundreds of listeners, will have been grateful for Canon E. F. Carpenter's talk, 'An Interpretation of Christian Marriage' (THE LISTENER, August 21). What a change it was from the queer metaphysical abstractions so often passed off and—all too frequently—understood to be the Church's teaching about marriage.

Not only has he completely destroyed the 'indissolublist' position, but in doing so has raised the whole concept of marriage to a higher plane by interpreting the Christian idea as a relationship of 'persons', rather than a die-hard maintenance of certain 'principles' supposed to be the will of God, when too often they are utterly opposed to what we know of the teaching and example of Christ. He always put the welfare of 'persons' before the maintenance of 'principles' even when those principles were claimed to be divine.

Those of us who are parish priests rarely get the opportunity of helping until a first marriage has broken down, and a second one is in prospect. At such times are we to repel the parties, or welcome them? As Canon Carpenter points out, it is not discipline that is needed, but encouragement; not deprivation, but grace. It is for this reason that some of us clergy are not willing to accept the ruling of Convocation, but insist on retaining our undoubted legal right to marry them in Church. To refuse them—however we try to explain it—only makes them feel that their divorce has been an unpardonable sin, when all too often it was the only way by which a broken marriage could be retrieved.

Perhaps in the past the Church has spent too much time looking for sin, and in doing so has forgotten that its main duty is to save men and women from it—or, in other words, to help them rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things.—Yours, etc.,

Lincoln

C. A. HEAL

Sir,—As the product of a 'broken home', I can assure Mr. Black that a child's 'tender feelings' are hurt much less by divorce than by the strain of constantly living in the midst of strife and tension, whether the discord is openly expressed or merely an 'atmosphere'.

Yours, etc.,

New Malden

ROSEMARY ALEXANDER

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

#### Mr. Eliot's New Play

Sir,—Mr. Leslie Paul tells us (THE LISTENER, September 4) that Lord Claverton, in Mr. Eliot's new play, 'says "It is worth while dying, to find out what life is". This is the representative text of *The Elder Statesman*. Eliot means that a full and honest acceptance of life may be possible only in the moment of dying to it'.

Leaving aside exactly what Mr. Paul means by a 'full and honest acceptance of life', he somewhat misrepresents Mr. Eliot's—or Lord Claverton's—meaning. His is a doubtful 'may be possible' whereas Lord Claverton's is a dogmatic 'is'.

But the dogmatic assertion is itself open to question. First, it depends upon what is meant by 'finding out what life is'. The discovery would reveal, among other things, knowledge whether life is worth living or not, and leaving aside, again, that we may find something of some value before we die, we cannot know, we can

only believe, according to our dispositions, whether life is one way or the other. The belief of Blake, for instance, differs *in toto* from that of Schopenhauer, but neither had the whole truth of the matter.

It follows that thought on it must necessarily end in the paradox that life is both good and bad, worth while and not worth while. If the paradox does not satisfy, the alternative is to go on seeking the self-knowledge that would include our true disposition. We would then at least either believe that life is worth while or, with Sophocles, that it would be better not to have been born. And in the latter case our next task would be to achieve as cheerful a resignation as possible.

Finally, if Mr. Eliot himself believes—and it seems very probable that he does—in his Lord Claverton's assertion, he is evidently now in doubt about life, and it is equally evident that we need some more reliable balm than he gives us to ameliorate the inexorable fact that—whatever death may mean—we must die.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3

HENRY SAVAGE

#### 'A Name to Resound for Ages'

Sir,—The first half of the passage on Milton that Mr. C. J. Dixon quotes as Coleridge's is in fact, as Mrs. Barbara Hardy pointed out some years ago (*Times Literary Supplement*, November 9, 1952), an extract, which Coleridge transcribed from Jonathan Richardson's *Explanatory Notes* (1734).

Yours, etc.,

Newcastle upon Tyne, 1

J. C. MAXWELL

#### What Was Cromwell's Religion?

Sir,—Professor Leo F. Solt is no doubt correct in asserting (THE LISTENER, September 4) that Oliver Cromwell 'manifested sympathy with and accessibility to . . . many sectarians'. But it is misleading to suggest that he went so far as to reprimand the House of Commons for claiming jurisdiction in the case of James Nayler. In fact, he was very careful to avoid a conflict with a parliament from which he hoped to obtain substantial financial support for his war with Spain, and his famous letter of Christmas Day 1657 merely asked the House to let him know 'the grounds and reasons' for their proceedings. He made no attempt to press for a reply to this difficult question. The remark 'the case of James Nayler might happen to be your own case' was addressed not to the Commons but to a group of army officers whom Cromwell, on February 27, 1658, was trying to persuade of the necessity of accepting the constitutional proposals then being discussed in the parliament, and which were associated with the offer to himself of the title of king.—Yours, etc.,

Cardiff

IVAN ROOTS

[Professor Solt has returned to the United States. Whatever the exact details may have been, Mr. Roots will surely agree that Cromwell was deeply perturbed by Parliament's treatment of Nayler, and that it was Cromwell's intimate friends and advisers in Parliament who saved Nayler's life from the fury of the intolerant Puritans.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

#### 'Radio Times' Hulton Picture Library

Sir,—In a broadcast account of the *Radio Times* Hulton Picture Library printed in THE LISTENER of August 21, one of Roger Fenton's Crimea photographs is mentioned as depicting

'the boulder-strewn valley where the 600 rode to their death'. This well-known picture of a rocky defile littered with cannon balls has in fact nothing to do with Balaclava or Tennyson; Fenton in his own account describes taking the photograph from a forward observation post at the head of an exposed gully overlooking Sevastopol. The position had been liberally registered by Russian gunners from the city; hence the cannon balls.

Fenton called the place the Valley of the Shadow and his picture appears to have been taken at some personal risk, but he never sought to convey that the photograph had anything to do with the famous Charge, indeed had a brigade of horse attempted to gallop down the gully depicted, broken necks would have been more numerous than battle casualties.

Yours, etc.,  
London, N.2  
JAMES LIGHTFOOT

#### 'Edward King and our times'

Sir,—My notice has been drawn to Miss Eleanor Wood's letter in THE LISTENER of August 21. Perhaps the 'saint' of the Church of England referred to in your review of *Edward King and our times* was not Miss Wood's father, Alexander Wood, but Vice-Admiral the Rev. Alexander Riall Wadham Woods, to the popular belief in whose saintliness I referred in my biography, *No Earthly Command*.—Yours, etc., Cranleigh

A. CALDER MARSHALL

#### Broadcast Poetry

Sir,—Listening recently to some of the B.B.C.'s programmes of spoken verse, I have come to realise how it is that many people making a tentative approach to poetry through this medium are so easily discouraged. Is it necessary to have *all* verse spoken in a pseudo-religious or holy voice? Because your speakers seem to have contracted what I may term 'holy voice' as an occupational disease, they have rendered the B.B.C., the poets whose work they speak, and, above all, the listener for whom the poetry is intended, a great disservice.

It would be a good idea to find verse-speakers who excel in the performance of their art (and this does not mean every good actor) to give us *poetry*, rather than these too frequently insipid elocutors who present us with emasculated *verse* which, if they could but hear it, the poets themselves would scarcely recognise as being the fruits of their genius.—Yours, etc., Sidcup

MICHAEL MCCALLION

#### Viceroyal Circles

Sir,—The reference to Dame Nellie Melba's gramophone recording fees in Sir Conrad Corfield's talk, 'Viceroyal Circles' (THE LISTENER, August 21), has recalled to me a story that I heard another weekend visitor to a rectory in Oxfordshire relate. This visitor was well known at a famous gramophone company, and happening to be on its premises on a morning that Melba was to attend for a recording was asked if he would like to hear her sing. He was introduced to the room in which the recording was to be made and instructed to 'appear to be busy'. Dame Melba entered, looked at him and asked who he was. When informed that he was a secretary, she swept out of the room, remarking: 'I was not engaged to sing to your secretary'.—Yours, etc., Dalkey

RICHARD MANSFIELD

# A Great New Russian Novel

By BERNARD WALL

**I** AM in a quandary about Boris Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago*\*. It is plainly one of the great books of our time and the only masterpiece we have had from Russia since the Revolution. As a literary work it may well come to rank with *War and Peace*. Yet in some ways it breaks unfamiliar ground for Western readers. Obviously it is deeply rooted in the Russian tradition, and I cannot think what we can compare it with. For instance, it uses symbolism that has grown as unfamiliar to us as the *Divine Comedy* or the icons of Kiev. It uses coincidence in a way that breaks all our mental habits of realism. Yet the total picture is overwhelmingly real. The style itself, if we can judge by the translation, is charged with a kind of restrained classical poetry reminiscent of the later Goethe. I cannot help thinking of that graceful eighteenth-century architecture of Leningrad. But in the background, surely, there is Pushkin whose *Eugene Onegin* Zhivago, the hero of the book, reads with admiration for his 'childlike Russian quality' in a wilderness in the Urals.

### The Doctor and Poet

The novel is architected in such a way, with such minute attention to detail, that a description of the 'story' would be as desiccated as old bones. The dominant thread that runs through it is the life of Yury Zhivago, a doctor and poet, from his childhood in the early days of this century to his failure and undignified death in a tram (which somehow reminds us of Christ and also of the poet Mayakowski's suicide). This occurs after the Revolution has become the established power. Central in his life is his tragic love for Lara Antipova, whom he first sees as a young girl who has been the victim of a *séducteur* of the old school, and whom we see last at his funeral—for after that she disappears for ever, perhaps into 'one of those innumerable mixed or women's concentration camps in the north'. But the minor characters are so many—political idealists and profiteers, slum dwellers and great bourgeois, partisans and peasants—and each is sketched into the vast mosaic with vivid concrete colours yet, behind that, with symbolical meaning.

As important as their personalities are Russia itself, from 'the age of Alexander Blok' to the age of Stalin (who is never mentioned), and the picture of turbulent cities, virgin forests, and endless plains under snow. Behind these, again, and on yet another plane, is the spiritual and as it were liturgical experience of Zhivago, which reaches its full expression in a whole series of poems published as a postscript to the book and called 'The posthumous works of Yury Zhivago'.

*Dr. Zhivago* demands the most detailed scrutiny if we are not to miss the various planes of the mosaic. But there is one passage which is perhaps suggestive of the general plan. It is where the author tells us of Zhivago:

Yury thought well and wrote even better. Ever

since his schooldays he had dreamed of writing a book in prose, a book of impressions of life in which he would conceal, like buried sticks of dynamite, the most striking things he had so far seen and thought about. He was too young to write such a book; instead he wrote poetry. He was like a painter who spent his life making sketches for the big picture he had in mind... On one level we feel that *Dr. Zhivago* itself is such a book.

### Symbolism, Simple and Complicated

Sometimes the play of symbolism or concealment is of the simplest kind; sometimes it is complicated and even evanescent. Repeatedly we find one event or detail presaging another; as in the Old Testament (at least in the Christian interpretation—I shall have more to say about this) or in Shakespeare (of whom, incidentally, Pasternak is the Russian translator); or even as in the well-known instance in *Anna Karenina* where Vronsky's horse is killed under him and presages the destruction of Anna. On page after page, detail, realistically described, also symbolises something else. We find, for instance, that when the 'Cossacks' charge the crowd at night in the riots of 1905, the whole scene is picked out in a prophetic red glow. Or again, before the unpleasant schemer Komarovski arrives at the wild Siberian refuge to take Lara away from Zhivago for ever we hear the wolves howling in the winter night outside. Or there is the prophetic knocking at the door in a nocturnal rain storm, after Lara has left Melyuzeyevka, and

the imprint of their certainty remained in the street, round the corner, like the watery wraith of this woman, or of her image which continued to haunt them.

As in paintings by Giorgione, where the backgrounds express the state of mind of the figures, so, in *Dr. Zhivago*, changes of climate, the sun, the tempest of snow, reflect the drama going on in men's minds. Here is an example. It is the day of revolution on which Zhivago, whose name, I understand, in Russian comes from a root which indicates 'life', first meets his mysterious Kirghiz half-brother who later becomes a power in the land and represents 'death':

There was something in common between events in the moral and physical world, between disturbances near and far, on earth and in the sky. Here and there came volleys from islands of half-broken resistance. Bubbles of dying fires rose and broke on the skyline. And the snow too bubbled and funnelled in the wind and smoked on the wet stones under Yury's feet.

A newsboy running with a thick batch of freshly printed papers under his arms and shouting 'All the latest' overtook him at one of the crossroads. 'Keep the change', said Yury. The boy peeled a damp sheet off the batch, thrust it into his hand, and vanished in the snowstorm. Yury stopped under a street light to read the headlines. The paper was a late extra, printed on one side only; it gave the official announcement from Petersburg that a Soviet of People's Com-

missars had been formed and that Soviet power and the 'dictatorship of the proletariat' were established in Russia...

The blizzard slashed at Yury's eyes and covered the printed page with a grey, rustling, snowy gruel, but it was not the snowstorm that prevented Yury from reading. He was shaken and overwhelmed by the greatness of the moment and the thought of its significance for centuries to come...

Or, another example of the same symbolic use of climate. The scene again is Moscow:

August had gone by and September was nearly over. Winter was at hand and in the world of men the air was heavy with something as inexorable as the coming death of nature. It was on everybody's lips. Food and logs had to be got in. But in those days of the triumph of materialism, matter had become an abstract notion and food and firewood were replaced by the problems of alimentation and food supply. The people in the towns were as helpless as children in the face of the unknown—of that unknown which swept every known usage aside and left nothing but desolation in its wake—although it was the offspring and creation of the towns...

Or yet again, when Yury Zhivago finds the letter from his first wife, Tonya, who has left him and is going to Paris:

'God keep you' it reads. 'I must stop. They have come for the letter and it's time I packed... Do you realise that we'll never, never see each other again?... They are harrying me and it's as if they had come to take me to my death'.

Outside it was snowing. The snow, swept by the wind, fell thicker and thicker, faster and faster, as if it were trying to catch up with something. And Yury stared out at it, not as if he were looking at the snow, but as if he were still reading Tonya's letter; and as if the whiteness flickering past him were not the small dry snow stars but the blanks between the small black letters, white and endless...

### Tension Hard to Bear

The tension built up by this careful literary method sometimes reaches a degree that is difficult to bear. But, as I have already suggested there are further layers of symbolic significance beyond this more simple kind. Lara Antipova, the reserved girl who is married to, and deserted by, the mathematical minded revolutionary, Antipov, is surely, at times, identifiable with Russia in its sufferings and grandeur. And yet on another level she is associated with Mary Magdalene.

And among his new thoughts [Pasternak is writing of *Zhivago*] was Nurse Antipova [Lara], caught by the war in the back of beyond, with her completely unknown life, who never blamed anyone, yet whose very silence was almost a reproach, mysteriously reserved and so strong in her reserve.

Or, as Antipov puts it in his last conversation with *Zhivago*:

She was still a child, but already then, the alertness, the watchfulness, the disquiet of those days—it was all there, you could read it all in her face, in her eyes. Everything that made the

epoch what it was—the tears and the insults and the hopes, the whole accumulation of revenge and pride, all of it was already in her expression and her carriage, in that mixture in her of girlish shyness and grace and daring. You could indict the century in her name, out of her mouth. . . It was a sign, a destiny, something nature had endowed her with, something to which she had a birthright . . .

For Zhivago mere History—(political history, Greece, Rome, the modern revolution of power) cannot explain life. In fact it is the machinery of society that crucifies and kills him. Rome, the material power centre, with its 'illiterate emperors', 'pock-marked Caligulas', and 'tasteless heaps of gold and marble' is a recurring obsession.

Lara and Zhivago we find united, even more than by what they had in common, by what separated them from the rest of the world.

They were both equally repelled by what was tragically typical of modern man, his shrill textbook admirations, his forced enthusiasms, and the deadly dullness conscientiously preached and practised by countless workers in the field of art and science in order that genius should remain extremely rare.

Life itself—the gift of Life—is such a breathtakingly serious thing. Why substitute this childish harlequinade of adolescent fantasies, these schoolboy escapades?

Or, as Lara expresses it:

'Your going, that's the end of me. Again something big, inescapable. The riddle of life, the riddle of death, the beauty of genius, the beauty of loving—that, yes, that we understood. As for such petty trifles as re-shaping the world, there you must excuse us, it's not in our line'.

And repeatedly there is the contrast between the peace of nature and the feverish life of great cities caught on the treadmill of history. As Zhivago writes in his diary:

So many things come into your head when

your hands are busy with hard physical work . . . when for six hours on end you dig or hammer, scorched by the life-giving breath of the sky.

But Zhivago's outlook, which is also the atmosphere of the novel, has yet a further plane, that of religious symbolism. Sima, one of the characters, describes in terms of the orthodox liturgy the symbolic parallels between Old and New Testaments; and then she speaks of the replacement of Rome, with its 'reign of numbers' and armed force, by the doctrine of personality and freedom. With Christianity

the story of a human life became the life story of God and filled the universe. As it says in the liturgy for the feast of the Annunciation, Adam tried to be a God and failed, but now God was made man so that Adam should be made God.

Such ideas as these, you may say, are easily traceable to Nicholas Berdyaev and other Russian thinkers, and Pasternak as a writer is concerned with symbols not theses. This is certain. But symbols of the liturgy, the Annunciation, the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection, the significance of Mary Magdalene, pervade the novel from the earliest pages, where the boy Zhivago is in a monastery with his uncle, an unfrocked priest and idealistic revolutionary, down to the poems at the end. In the first of the dark, hungry and cold winters that follow the establishment of the new regime, Zhivago's delirium is haunted by his half-brother with the Kirghiz eyes. He dreams 'he was writing what he should have written long ago but never could'.

Near him, touching him, were hell, corruption, dissolution, death; yet equally near to him were the spring, Mary Magdalene and Life.

About this time Zhivago wrote a poem called 'Turmoil' which has as theme the interval between 'the Entombment and the Resurrection'. Or a little later, in the wilderness of his exile where his first wife is expecting a baby,

Zhivago writes in his diary:

It has always seemed to me that every conception is immaculate and that this dogma concerning the Mother of God, expresses the idea of all motherhood . . .

At Zhivago's funeral, over which Lara and the Kirghiz half-brother dominate, there are many flowers for the wreck of the poet of genius. Pasternak writes:

Perhaps the mysteries of transformation which so torment us are concentrated in the green of the earth, among the trees in graveyards and the flowering shoots springing from their beds. Mary Magdalene, not at once recognising Jesus risen from the grave, took him for the gardener . . .

In one of Zhivago's posthumous poems in the postscript, one entitled 'Gethsemane', we find Christ speaking:

You see, the passage of the centuries is like a parable  
And catches fire on its way.  
In the name of its terrible majesty  
I shall go freely, through torment, down to the grave.  
And on the third day I shall rise again  
Like rafts down a river, like a convoy of barges,  
The centuries will float to me out of the darkness  
And I shall judge them.

But of the poems, with their tessellated intarsia of natural scenery, natural passion and liturgical imagery, perhaps the most revealing on the subject of Zhivago's destiny is the first. Significantly it is called 'Hamlet':

Yet the order of the acts is planned  
And the end of the way inescapable.  
I am alone; all drowns in the Pharisee's hypocrisy,  
To live your life is not as simple as to cross a field.

The poems, I understand, like all important poetry, are untranslatable; and the last line of 'Hamlet' is a Russian proverb. In one way they, too, seem to be allegorical of Russia as well as of the tortuous questions.

—Third Programme

## My Pipe Dream

By PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

I WANT you to suppose that I am very old: in my late nineties. I am in possession of my faculties. One of my legs may be a little stiff, though not enough to justify the wheelchair in which I insist on being pushed round to literary gatherings. I have a silver-headed ebony cane, but not to walk with. I carry it for the purpose of prodding persons who are not paying enough attention to me, or of whacking on the shins those I do not like. Most people detest me, but nobody dares say so.

Through my memory I can bridge a century and a half. 'A friend of mine', I begin, 'was chatting with Ruskin once on Oxford Station . . .' Or perhaps: 'I remember my husband telling me that his great-grandfather was in Paris at the storming of the Bastille. What a hush in that room! All eyes are on me.'

I am afraid that I lie a bit. I was, I say, an intimate friend of Proust. Nobody disputes it. Few will be able to light on the fact that I was only ten when Proust died. Sometimes I am even bolder. 'I remember', I say, 'Tennyson pushing me in my little go-cart.' Not a voice is

raised. 'Swinburne', I continue, growing still bolder, 'a foolish little fellow. Flashy. I never could abide him. Nor could poor Oscar'. I talk for hours into the great hush, nobody else gets a word in edgeways.

But what I most enjoy is being unpleasant to angry young men. You see, we shall have got round to them again by that time.

With them I have a brisk way of dealing. I wait till one of them, red in the face, is angrily haranguing one of his elders and betters. I do not bang my cane on the floor. I have a better use for it. With great dexterity I steer my chair silently across the room, and when I am within range, I catch him a swinging blow across the calves. He jumps as though he has been shot, and blasphemies are about to flow from him; but, when he sees who has struck him, he shuts his mouth again. I am the one person he dare not attack; glorying in my ancience and my eminence, I push my cane into his chest and tell him that though the young were a pretty stupid lot when I was a girl they were nothing like so stupid as the boobies he represents.

'I am, you see, very unpleasant when I please. But when foreign dignitaries come from all corners of the world to pay their respects to me and to hear my reminiscences of Jowett, Oscar Browning, Miss Buss and Miss Beale, I am as nice as pie. The ambassador of a foreign power calls upon me. 'My king', he says, 'desires me to ask whether you will receive him. As a matter of fact, he is waiting downstairs'. I do not appear to be impressed; I am, however, hospitable. 'Why, let him come up!' I cry. I have a high old time.'

And when the royal party has gone, when I am alone again with my friends, or my captives, I beam upon them like a simple old country-woman. 'Now that all those good people have left us', I say, 'we can have a really comfortable time, all by ourselves'. I prod the most eminent poet, who is only sixty-five, and tell him he is small beer to the giants of my young days, good Mr. Eliot, nice Mr. Empson, jolly Mr. Graves . . .

But I must not go on. It is all too beautiful—and too unlikely. And, I suppose, since it is such a lonely dream, just a little too sad?

—'Today' (Home Service)

# The Listener's Book Chronicle

**Alfred, Lord Milner: the Man of No Illusions.** By John Evelyn Wrench. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 42s.

IT CLEARLY HAD A DECISIVE INFLUENCE on the life of Alfred—later Lord—Milner, that he was born and had much of his early schooling in Germany. Making good use of the Milner papers his biographer, Sir Evelyn Wrench, clarifies the story of those early years without quite bringing out their lasting effect. Milner's mind and actions were, it has sometimes been said, cast in a Teutonic mould—and it may well be that a walking tour, at the age of sixteen, in the wake of the victorious German armies of 1870 left a lasting impression of the cardinal importance of organised efficiency. But it was at the same time natural that an English boy growing up in a foreign environment should be even more strongly English in sentiment than the average Englishman.

This self-consciously English boy, owing little except his unusual brainpower to his almost feckless parents, reached by steady application the top of a tree in the very centre of the English garden; having carried off the senior scholarship at Jowett's Balliol in 1874, he went on to win most of the major university prizes, the Presidency of the Union and, ultimately, a New College fellowship, on which he was able to subsist till he had found occupation he really liked. The England to which he was devoted was at that time the senior partner in an Empire enjoying unchallenged world supremacy, and he found Oxford stirred by Ruskin's teaching that a 'bigger' England was the surest means of extending civilisation throughout the world. The teaching of his friend Arnold Toynbee ensured that the Milner who emerged, resolved to give a life of public service to the Imperial idea, should also be convinced by the necessity of world-wide social reform and reconstruction.

It was some time before the young man found his way forward. A single election contest (fought in 1885 in the Liberal interest, though he was anything but a Gladstonian) diverted him finally from a political career. An administrative apprenticeship served as secretary to George Goschen, who became Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1887, suited him better. In 1889, when the highest flights in the Home Civil Service were opening to him, he suddenly changed course; with calculated deliberation he accepted a Directorship-General of Accounts in Egypt, for the reason that the imperial cause could, so he felt, be better served abroad where he would be freer to follow a course of his own without party political interference. In Egypt his great ability made its mark but in 1892—whether through his disappointed love for Miss Margot Tennant, or merely because he tired of being only second in command of a department—he was tempted back to high office in the Board of Inland Revenue. At last he returned to the service of Empire in 1897 when, within weeks of declining the permanent secretaryship of the Colonial Office itself, he accepted the South African High Commissionership.

By any way of it, Milner's positive services were wretchedly rewarded. The outbreak of war

in 1899 was a disaster. Did it come about because Milner broke off the Bloemfontein Conference in July? For many years it was widely assumed that the speedy concession of self-government, on the Boers' terms, mitigated the effects of the disaster. But the subsequent history of South Africa, and the country's prospects under the domination of the Afrikanerdom with which Milner contended vainly, make the answer to the question less certain than complacency about the terms of the peace once seemed to suggest. The reconstruction, carried out by devoted civil servants under Milner's direction, set South Africa on its modern, highly progressive course; but from the offended national pride of its Boer beneficiaries this earned him only lasting obloquy. The work was, at any rate, cut short by political changes at home. After most of twenty years of Unionist rule the swing of the pendulum was likely to favour the Liberals in 1906; but, in addition, even his own friends among these stood aside and let the elections turn largely on Milner's responsibility for the war and for the introduction of Chinese labour to the Rand mines. A thinly veiled vote of censure in the Commons sent him into the wilderness for ten years, during which he did little but campaign ineffectively for tariff reform and national service; in 1914, in fact, he came perilously near leading a rebellion in Ulster as the only means left him of buttressing Imperial unity. It was only in 1916 that the national emergency of the first world war gave his talents their chance again. Then, for two years at least, he was a key man, perhaps the key man, in the war Cabinet; his biographer puts beyond doubt the decisive part he played, in the crisis of 1918, in putting the Western Front under the unified command of Marshal Foch.

This book helps understanding. In his enthusiasm for Milner, however, and with lively memories of the fights in which he too played his part, the author allows the later chapters of his biography of Lord Milner to become rather (what had been welcome in its own right) the autobiography of Sir Evelyn Wrench.

**Poems of John Dryden**  
Edited by James Kinsley.  
**Oxford.** 4 vols. £10 10s.

This admirably produced edition of Dryden's poems will replace that by John Sargeaunt, which Oxford issued in 1910. Not that there would appear to be any great changes in the text, though where these occur they are indubitable improvements; but here we have the complete canon, including the Virgil, which was absent from the earlier edition. Moreover, the second half of the last volume is devoted to a commentary, providing references sadly needed by the general reader of today. As with Sargeaunt, the beautifully phrased, illuminating critical prefaces are included. For scholarly purposes this is an altogether gratifying edition, and is likely to continue to be the definitive one for many years. It is heartening to find this luminously glowing if not transcendent poet adequately treated at last; which is not to say that the productions of Sargeaunt and Professor G. R. Noyes are to be despised.

Whether it was wholly sound, from a more general point of view, to print the poems in the order in which they were written may admit of some pretty argument. For Dryden did not much change his outlook after he took to writing as a profession. If we wish to trace technical progress this is easier to do if we get, say, all the prologues and epilogues together and note the greater mastery of common speech made trenchantly poetic. On the other hand the present order offers some surprising contrasts, whether wisely or not each reader must judge. But it may be asked whether it much helps general comprehension to find the paraphrase of 'Veni Creator Spiritus' cheek by jowl with 'Chloe found Amyntas lying...', not one of Dryden's most decorous pieces. Certainly it suggests how readily his mind moved from one aspect of life to another, illustrates his immense variety, but does it allow full value to either poem? The text is meticulously edited, but it may be thought that it would be more agreeable to find the editorial abracadabra tucked away at the end, and the commentary, fully enlightening since Mr. Kinsley is a master in this field, put at the bottom of the pages where it is relevant. Nor are the cross-references convenient, referring only to other poems and not to the pages, necessitating recourse to the tables of contents.

**Reformation and Reaction in Tudor Cambridge.** By H. C. Porter. Cambridge. 52s. 6d.

Inasmuch as the English Reformation was a movement of pastoral, liturgical and dogmatic theology, it was so overwhelmingly a Cambridge affair that only the towering figure of Hooker gives the other place any *locus standi*. By taking this well-known fact seriously, Mr. Porter has written an important book on the sixteenth-century Church. His three sections treat, in turn, of the early humanist and reformist movements (Fisher and Erasmus), of puritanism and resistance to it under Elizabeth, and of the theological controversies raging round the issue of grace. In each case he is careful to stick to his last but to show how the boots he makes may be seen striding across England: though in essence this always remains an account of Cambridge, with scholarly controversies and college intrigues to the fore, we are led to understand the part that these academic doings played in the larger history of Church and State. At times the parish pump grows dreadfully large and the book is certainly longer than it need be. In part this is because Mr. Porter employs a leisurely, discursive style, with everything put in and little parentheses scattered here and there; in part because he so lovingly immerses himself in the affairs of these often obscure, often unprepossessing men. Moreover, he too readily assumes that outsiders may be expected to understand such niceties as a *non-placet* without a word of explanation. But in the last section he gives full value: no one can in future hope to get away with a discussion of puritanism, Calvinism, and Arminianism in Elizabethan and Jacobean England which does not take note of Mr. Porter's detailed analysis of theological problems.

If this book provokes two larger criticisms and one reflection with which the author would assuredly disagree, this is in itself a tribute to the stimulation received from what looks at first not very promising material. Mr. Porter must be criticised for faults of presentation: in a sense he has written not a book but a collection of essays. There is much repetition, much jumping about in time, all of which adds to length and impedes understanding. Not only are the joints between the sections a trifle crude, but the chapters within them follow no clear order of time or logic. The second section, in particular—which ought to set things straight for the vital third, but hardly does so—would benefit from a less involved arrangement. The other criticism concerns Mr. Porter's attempt to show that Whitgift was not a Calvinist. He has indeed demonstrated very satisfactorily that the extremer Calvinists were taking too much for granted, when they claimed that Prayer Book and Articles could be interpreted only in their sense. But if the 1595 Lambeth Articles receded from extreme Calvinism they remained essentially Calvinist; and they were Whitaker's work, approved after some amendment by Whitgift. Mr. Porter seems to see the archbishop heading for the Andrewes-Overall camp, where his own sympathies appear to lie. Would it not be more accurate to say that Whitgift tried to tread the way between extreme Calvinists and 'neo-Pelagians', but inclined more to the former? At any rate, Mr. Porter has shown that Whitgift's views and character were much nearer those of Cranmer and Matthew Parker than has been supposed, and that Elizabethan Cambridge was far from exclusively puritan.

And the reflection? It is one of awe, tinged with horror, at the fantastic ingenuities and wasted energies of a debate which seems far too often to lose sight of religion as a living thing. These ardent Calvinists, elaborating their repulsive doctrine of reprobation because it alone could account for the existence of evil in a world ruled by the sort of God they believed in, employed vast subtlety and profound analytical thought in matters which are not indeed *adia-phora* but (worse) null. For when it came to the point—when they faced the pastor's task—they found themselves talking in terms, which came near to restoring God's grace and Christ's sacrifice to all men. Mr. Porter is so far from agreeing with this view that he engages in the debate with the same degree of subtlety and profundity. Yet if one wants to know why the seventeenth century made such strides in natural science, one need only study these arguments. Grow tired of battling among the shadows, switch these vast powers of reason to the natural universe, what do you get? Boyle and Newton, resting upon a broad phalanx of ingenious minds.

became Rector of the Newcastle Division of Durham University, where he remained until 1952. In the harsh times in which we live, it is pleasant indeed to come across a political memoir that bears no malice, that reveals a generous spirit and a simple willingness to acknowledge old errors.

His comments on political life between the wars, and upon the influence that Stanley Baldwin exercised, are remarkably perceptive. 'Baldwin may have turned his own lamp low, but at least his light was steadier than any flicker that poets or novelists could throw on his path. There was literary genius enough, but it seemed to have no heart in it. And I protest, in retrospect, that we politicians and the people we tried blunderingly to serve, low-spirited though we might be, were better men than that, and lived in a brighter climate'. His criticisms of Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt—happy men of action, he called them—are interesting and acute. The men of the Baldwin clan, on the other hand, were drab and dejected, and Neville Chamberlain drabber than them all. 'Gusto is what we lacked'.

The book ends with Lord Percy's farewell address, delivered in June 1952, to his last batch of graduating students. It is a fitting epitaph on his own work in the story of education.

### The Art and Architecture of Ancient Egypt. By W. Stevenson Smith.

Pelican 'History of Art'. £3 3s.

This latest addition to the Pelican History of Art is undoubtedly one of the best books on Egyptian art written in English for many years. It is comprehensive within its prescribed limits, really a history of Egyptian art and not simply a series of descriptions of well-known pieces arranged chronologically; it breaks a surprising amount of new ground and in a field dominated in the past by a number of hackneyed masterpieces it presents in its excellent plates many objects that are little known and that have been undeservedly neglected.

Before the war most books on Egyptian art were written by academic Egyptologists. Such books were often valuable not because they were good accounts of Egyptian art but because the authors knew the background and had illuminating things to say incidentally to their main theme. Since the war, on the contrary, there has been a spate of books on Egyptian art mostly written by non-specialists. They contain fine photographs of well-known pieces and commentaries as inaccurate as they are uninformed. Whoever has read any of these books should now read this new volume for it will be a great corrective and a great educator.

The method used by Dr. Smith is strictly chronological. Each major period is given one section and within each section he treats each dynasty separately where this is possible. Some indication can here be given only of a few of the more interesting parts of the book. In the section on the Old Kingdom there are excellent discussions on sculpture in the round and on low relief, which is one of the glories of the art of this period. The Middle Kingdom section is distinguished by a sympathetic treatment of the bizarre and frequently misunderstood works of the First Intermediate Period. It also contains a chapter on the minor arts of the period which will introduce many readers to the interesting small objects found by Reisner at Kerma.

It is a pity that a similar chapter was not included in the New Kingdom section; the many finely worked objects of wood, metal, ivory and glass, especially of the XVIIIth Dynasty, deserve fuller treatment than they receive here. Yet the XVIIIth Dynasty is given far fuller treatment than any other dynasty or period. This lack of balance is probably justified when we consider the amount of painting, sculpture, relief-work and building surviving from this time. The chapter on domestic architecture which is mostly concerned with XVIIIth Dynasty building will be a revelation to those who think that the ancient Egyptian built nothing but temples and tombs. The Late Period section is far shorter, but Dr. Smith cannot be accused of neglecting much that is of importance. Architectural remains are scanty as are the products of painting and monumental sculpture; but small sculpture and bronze works proliferate at this time and should perhaps have been more fully treated.

The limit of the book is the end of Egypt's dynastic period in 332 B.C. As the extraordinary temple buildings of the Graeco-Roman Period will scarcely find a place in any other volume of this series their omission here is regrettable; for the great temples of Dendera and Edfu are almost complete and a chapter on them and on their reliefs would have completed the story, for Egyptian art did not simply stop when Alexander the Great conquered the land.

### Letters from Hilaire Belloc

Edited by Robert Speaight.

Hollis and Carter. 30s.

In the preface to this collection of Hilaire Belloc's letters Mr. Robert Speaight says that 'it is intended to be representative of Belloc in his many epistolary moods', and the book achieves that aim, with one exception. Scholastically, there were very important periods of Belloc's life when he poured out highly controversial letters which were more revealing than some of his books. His letters, for instance, to Dr. Coulton, fall within the period covered by this book, 1900-1942, but that prolonged and searing exchange which nearly drove Coulton into the law courts is not represented here by a single letter.

As everyone knows, Belloc, when challenged, was a dour, indomitable antagonist who set himself four-square against his opponent and released an enveloping flood of argument without yielding an inch of ground. His disciples were sometimes horrified beyond their highest hopes as when he described Dr. Coulton as 'The Official Distorter of History'. On the other hand, Belloc's inability to admit flaws in the Catholic interpretation of history and the ingenuity with which he sometimes presented half truths as whole truths, disturbed some, even of the most faithful. It would have been reassuring to see something of this Hilaire Belloc represented in these letters.

But many sides of Belloc come through vividly. 'I am used to insult, as I combine in one person three natures, all of them targets for insult in this country: (a) Poverty, (b) Papistry, (c) Pugnacity'. There was the man expecting to be attacked, the person referred to by Chesterton as having a sundering quality in his personality. 'I can't write clearly. You are older than me (not than I which is damn board-school English —Than me is the idiomatic and right term), and yet you write (a) the same always and (b) most

### Some Memories

By Lord Percy of Newcastle.

Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.

This is much too short a book, and it is with regret that one reflects upon the fascinating autobiography that the late Lord Percy *might* have written. He served in the British Embassy in Washington between 1910 and 1914. He went into parliament in 1921; and was President of the Board of Education from 1924 to 1929. Appointed Minister without Portfolio in a later Baldwin Government, he resigned soon after Hitler's invasion of the Rhineland. In 1937 he

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clearly . . .'. There was the racy stylist who so often brought life into his writing by rejecting the correct grammar in preference for the vivid colloquialism.

He could inject verve into a whole paragraph by an unexpected and totally appropriate piece of slang: 'After a certain time and experience all life is retrospection and duty. One has to hold on for the sake of others and one must not long make of any mundane thing a necessity. The end of life, the second half, is a liquidation, but of course if they don't reward us afterwards it will be a Bloody Sell'. And the aggressive Catholic, whose religion had curiously superstitious undertones appeared very clearly in a letter to Evan Charteris: 'My boat, the Jersey, was dismasted half way across to France in that gale on Sunday . . . I knew some disaster was going to happen that very morning for at Mass I saw a spider walking on a woman's coat'.

Anyone familiar with Mr. Robert Speaight's excellent biography of Hilaire Belloc will know that he can pick his way unerringly between a mass of evidence and select the relevant material with artistic insight. In that book there sprang to life a complex, contradictory figure, highly gifted with the power to write, quarrel and live, beyond the normal. If the present book seems, by comparison, repetitious, that is the inevitable result of a collection of letters unrelieved by narrative or comment. Perhaps Mr. Speaight's *Life of Belloc* and these letters are only properly rewarding when read together.

For the rest, some of the verse-doggerel which Belloc wrote to friends is liable to become embarrassing in an age which takes the austere complexities of Empson in its stride:

My Juliet. Thank you very much  
For writing me a letter:  
My joy at getting it was such  
It made me feel far better . . .

At the end of the book, a spectacle emerges which might have been melancholy but for the cool appraising stare with which Belloc faced financial disaster. The simultaneous cessation of his articles in *The Sunday Times* and *Truth* had wiped out his income overnight and he was faced with many family responsibilities and no money to meet them. He wrote: 'When the heart sinks don't try to raise it . . . Don't look on the bright side of things as do these detestable suburbans and sloppy cheesemongers . . . look straight at reality—at truth—at things as they are . . . This was Belloc at his four-square best.

**Reflections on the Psalms.** By C. S. Lewis.  
Geoffrey Bles. 12s. 6d.

**Early Sites of Christianity**

By Peter Bamm. Faber. 21s.

C. S. Lewis is really an essayist and moralist, if not in the tradition of Bacon, Addison and Hazlitt, at least in that of A. C. Benson and Robert Lynd; and even in this most unfashionable form of literature he manages to be captivating, in spite of occasional sentimentality and archness. In these Reflections he provides the most recent testimony to the perennial attractiveness of that unique miscellany, the Book of Psalms. Peter Bamm's book consists of a popular canter through a series of places associated with Judaism and Christianity, ranging in date from Ur to Mount Athos. He will charm and instruct those who do not know too much history and who like their legends served

up with a tasty sauce of credulity. Those who know too much history will wince when they read that though 'the Trojan War took place only a generation after the Exodus of Moses from Egypt' (page 52), Darius the Great of Persia lived three hundred years after the fall of Troy (page 111), that the first Arabian fleet appeared in the Bosphorus in A.D. 750 (page 74), that the Bishop of Rome was called Pontifex Maximus in the reign of Constantine (page 67), that 'It is quite certain and beyond all dispute that John (the Apostle) was in Ephesus in the year 66' (page 103), and that St. Mark founded the church in Alexandria and Eutyches was a Coptic Christian (page 220).

### Machiavelli and the Renaissance

By Federico Chabod.  
*Bowes and Bowes.* 30s.

There is a verve and violence about the Italian character, as well as a capacity for paradox, which confuses the non-Italian student of Italian thought. Machiavelli, like many other extremists in Italian history, has puzzled his readers and either shocked them out of the habit of cool analysis or induced them to think that he cannot mean what he says. For this reason a study of him by a subtle, sympathetic and critical Italian mind is peculiarly welcome to the English reader, often debarred by the linguistic barrier from making use of the many books constantly devoted to Machiavelli by his compatriots. The three essays by the Professor of Modern History in the University of Rome here translated are not new—they date from 1924, 1925 and 1952—but they have not hitherto been available in English.

To many the greatest surprise given by these studies will be the stress laid by Professor Chabod on Machiavelli's emotional intensity. Accustomed as we are to think of him as the classic example of cold, heartless reasoning, remote alike from love and pity, we are apt to forget that Machiavelli wrote with a sense of mission in his attempt to make Italians realise the plight of Italian nationalism in his day. As Chabod points out, it was Guicciardini rather than Machiavelli who was cynical and 'shut himself up in his ivory tower of disillusionment and bitterness'. So, as these essays remind us, Machiavelli's Messianism not only created the unfulfilled myth of the hero Prince who was to save Italy, but led him into practical unreality.

His military notions were as chimerical as Mussolini's; to preach the value of a citizen militia in an age of rapidly developing professional military technique was an absurdity. Professing to base all his thought upon the lessons of history, Machiavelli in fact read history in the light of his emotions. 'The serene curiosity of the man who wishes only to observe and judge had to give place to the vehement, reckless passion of the man who wishes to create something new. Had he been a shrewd and profound historian Machiavelli would merely have written a masterpiece. As it was, he was a very bad historian, and he thereby became a universal influence'. He had, in a sense, a split mind, an Italian characteristic which comes out again in his often misunderstood divorce of morality from politics. 'Nothing is further from Machiavelli's mind than to undermine common morality. . . . The truth is

that Machiavelli leaves the moral ideal intact, and he does so because it need not concern him'. Such an attitude may not be satisfactory or even logical; but the student must understand it.

It is impossible to do justice in a short space to the wealth of Chabod's observations; the book, repetitive as its form necessarily makes it, must be read as a whole. Even more penetrating and valuable than the Machiavelli studies is the fourth essay on 'The Concept of the Renaissance', which surveys in masterly fashion the recurrent controversy about the alleged gulf between the Middle Ages and Renaissance humanism and is accompanied by a reasoned bibliography of formidable fullness. Here Chabod shows his robust common sense in arguing that, although the Renaissance inherited from the Middle Ages the influence of classical culture and did not rediscover it, and although Renaissance man possessed no lusts or urges different from those of medieval man, he was yet different from his predecessors in his standards of value; the medieval used the classics, his successor idolised them. 'Classical antiquity now became the ideal moment of human history, in which the highest aspirations of mankind were realised'. Yet, even this was a passing phase, for it is Chabod's merit to see that the Renaissance itself changed its outlook and by the beginning of the baroque age was coming to worship its own achievements in comparison with those of classical antiquity. In both epochs what was left on one side was the medieval conception of the wholeness of human life and its ultimate subjection to grace.

Despite a few misprints and confusing inconsistencies in nomenclature, despite, too, some omissions in the bibliography, this will prove an indispensable book for all students of the period.

### Cicero. Two volumes of Speeches.

Edited and Translated by R. Gardner.  
Heinemann. 'Loeb Library'. 15s. each

Here are another two useful additions to the Loeb Library of classical Greek and Latin authors—now over 400 volumes strong. The publisher, Messrs. Heinemann, is again to be congratulated; and it is some achievement that the price of the series is still just within the reach of the student. Not that classical students are the only users of the Loeb series. Far from it. These volumes with their helpful footnotes and convenient translation on the page opposite the text are valuable to historians, iconographers, philosophers and all manner of general readers alike.

The new volumes contain Cicero's speeches *Pro Sestio*, *In Vatinium*, *Pro Caelio* and *Pro Balbo* and the *De Provinciis Consularibus*. It may seem surprising that this last speech in particular should not yet have been included in the Loeb series. But, as Mr. Gardner, who is Bursar of Emmanuel College at Cambridge, explains, there are two reasons. First, the work was entrusted before the war to J. H. Freese, a tutor at St. John's College, who died. Then, Mr. Gardner has been delayed by his own administration and other duties. The gain is—as he points out—that he has been able to take advantage of the large number of specialised Ciceronian studies which have appeared in recent years on both sides of the Atlantic.

# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

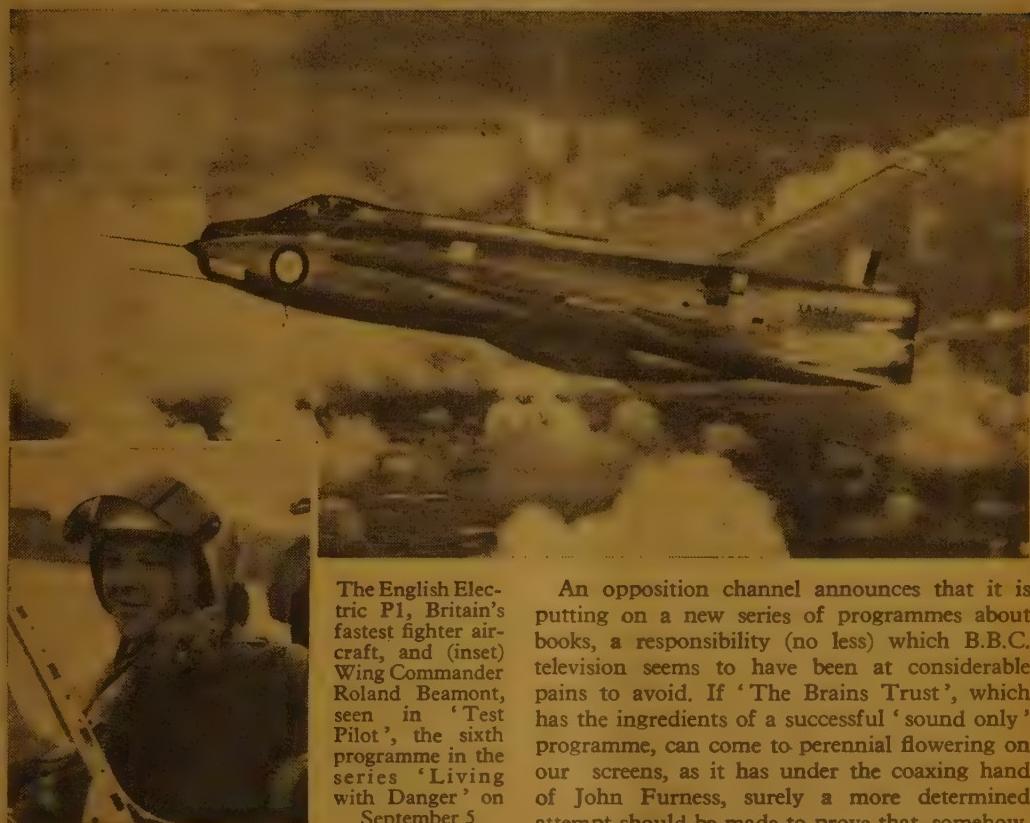
## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### You Want the Best?

COMING BACK to intensive viewing after months of inconstancy, I discover afresh that if you want the best television pictures the B.B.C. still has them. The reference is to technical excellence, not artistic content. For the reason, presumably, that B.B.C. engineering is superior, my picture reception happens to be consistently and sometimes astoundingly good.

Programme merits are another story; but while comparisons are no part of my mandate here, I say with equal assurance that in documentary programmes the B.B.C. continues to give the best results. A persisting weakness is the compression which tends to distort programmes like 'Does Class Matter?' The subject evidently excites Christopher Mayhew and his colleagues more than it does some of us who think that class is the last refuge of those who have no other prop for their self-esteem. Much diligence has gone into the preparation of the series and some of the picture juxtapositions have been ingeniously thought out. The discerning viewer is made almost irritatingly aware of whole areas of omission. There is the comically pathetic delusion, nourished by the newspaper gossip columns, that a title necessarily endows its holder with abounding personal fascination. There are the interneccine class hatreds manifested, for example, in the recent London bus strike. The series was rounded off by some observations of the American class structure. A more immediately relevant and perhaps slightly less expensive coda would have been an examination of the Confucian precept: He who follows the way of the gentleman is a gentleman, which provides a formula for ending the class war and



The English Electric P1, Britain's fastest fighter aircraft, and (inset) Wing Commander Roland Beamont, seen in 'Test Pilot', the sixth programme in the series 'Living with Danger' on September 5

a tolerable antidote to the worst horrors of the classless society.

The model for the kind of programme being reviewed is 'Special Enquiry', which rarely chased more hares than it could catch. But who now remembers 'Special Enquiry'? A moral of my long viewing lapse is that it is easy to forget television and not only because it gives us little that is memorable. Yet in the studios dedicated entrepreneurs of the ephemeral carry themselves like beings preoccupied by eternal values.

What, one would like to ask, were the values implicit in 'Living with Danger', the film about a test pilot, and 'Farnborough Air Display'? Prejudice tinges the question. My August holiday in a Suffolk estuary town was marred less by weather vexations than by the desolating noise of low-flying jet aircraft. Test pilots are among the more admirable folk heroes of the age, but what the scientists cannot convince us is that they are flying from rather than towards chaos. Shrinking from the dreadful daily commotion above an otherwise peaceful scene, I cursed rather than admired. There was subsequent satisfaction in exercising a petty control over the sound accompaniments of the two programmes mentioned. Pictorially, both were vividly effective. The test pilot in the film, Roland Beamont, was better than any professional impersonator of his type of man; an excellent performance of the tautly restrained sort. In the Farnborough programme there was much clever camera handling, and Oliver Stewart's fruity commentary embellished as well as explained the marvellous aerobatics.

An opposition channel announces that it is putting on a new series of programmes about books, a responsibility (no less) which B.B.C. television seems to have been at considerable pains to avoid. If 'The Brains Trust', which has the ingredients of a successful 'sound only' programme, can come to perennial flowering on our screens, as it has under the coaxing hand of John Furness, surely a more determined attempt should be made to prove that, somehow, books can provide good television. True, the fumbling embarrassments of 'Who Said That?' are no encouragement to aspiring producers of literary programmes. Last week's edition was an enfeebled production, redeemed only by the animation of an American critic, Clifton Fadiman, and the dogged sticking to the point of David Daiches. Lord Stansgate, at eighty-one, was livelier by far in 'Speaking Personally' than the jaded majority on that panel. My impression of the radical temperament is that it is vulnerable to the charge of self-congratulation. Even so, Lord Stansgate's little programme was a benison in a viewing week made sombre by the recurring apparition in 'Behind the Headlines' of those strangely Victorian-looking figures, the members and delegates of the T.U.C. in conference at Bournemouth. They were less beguiling than the fish in Hans Hass' remarkable undersea film, if also less frightening than his sea urchin in which the life force was shown to be a menace after amputation.

REGINALD POUND

[Mr. Gransden is on holiday.]

### DRAMA

#### Strong in Hearts

HENRY JAMES' novel *Washington Square* was made into a successful play called 'The Heiress' by Ruth and Augustus Goetz. Nearly ten years have passed since we saw Sir Ralph Richardson and Peggy Ashcroft at the Haymarket in this tale of a father who had a hardened, as well as a groggy, heart and of a daughter who was taught



Arthur Billitt, head of Lenton Experimental Station, talking about early flowering chrysanthemums in 'Gardening Club' on September 5



'The Heiress' on September 7: (left to right) Alec Clunes as Dr. Sloper, Jill Bennett as his daughter Catherine, and Bryan Forbes as Morris Townsend

by events to harden hers. The same adapters have made a television version which stood up well to the requirements of 'Sunday-Night Theatre'. The result was sad, solemn, dignified, and one switched off with the feeling of having listened to a well-spoken but elongated homily on an assortment of cardiac failings.

The story has all the elements of popular melodrama except the wedding-bell termination; it fits well into the costumes of 1850. There is the traditional heavy father who says 'not a penny from me if you marry that self-seeker'. There is the innocent girl bewitched by the handsome and heartless scoundrel. There is the scheme for a clandestine marriage. If the young lady is not left waiting at the church she is piteously abandoned before going there. There is the death of the stern father and the return, now that all the money is made available, of the greedy go-getter. If the play had been written in 1950 the girl would in the meantime have found herself a perfect soul-mate, dreaming ever of love and never of lucre. Henry James did not, of course, turn marriage-broker to satisfy the sweet tooth of a magazine public. So the girl doses the bad young man with his own medicine, leaves him on the doorstep, and settles down to singleness, needle-work, and the contemplation of her bank-balance.

It is not a convincing story: the father's attitude to an only child is out of nature, and the silly girl's faith in a slick scoundrel is a melodrama cliché that is out of endurance. The result has all the elements of a tear-jerker given the semblance of a play for intellectuals, which is an infallible remedy for success in our time. Alec Clunes cleverly contrived to make the doctor credible by softening his asperity, Bryan Forbes did well to make the good-looking knave sufficiently likeable, and Margaretta Scott as a kind-hearted auntie added handsomely to the scene. Jill Bennett carried off the tender girl's transition to toughness with a careful and deliberate

skill in a production by Terence Cook, which had several merits, but not that of sufficient speed. When one can always see what is coming next, it is well not to dally with the obvious.

'Uncertain Mercy' by Dorothy Wright (September 4) seemed to move half way between drama and documentary. We were reminded, very properly, that in Europe displaced persons are still, after all these years, displaced. It was further intimated, no doubt accurately, that their camps and their possible movements are subject to pedantic regulations which make refugees from behind the Iron Curtain incredulously and angrily enquire,

'What is this Western liberty?'

Ninety minutes of pathos long drawn out was excessive; a quicker start and less repetition of grievances would surely have made a sharper impact upon viewers. But this was a courageous venture into the hutments from which hope has almost vanished, and much trouble had been taken in the production by Victor Menzies to give us a varied view of the Austrian scene. There was courage, too, in the refusal to provide the happy ending that seemed to be looming up like a pink sunset. This was, in the end, no sentimental journey to the camp of the forlorn, even though Christmas bells were ringing. We were austere reminded that the victims of man's cruelty can be so infected by that poison as to avert some of the merited pity.

There was a love-story to which Diana Fairfax and Thomas Heathcote brought a poignant sincerity. As the ever-kindly and sometimes baffled English supervisor Jean Anderson's personality and performance were perfectly suited.

'The Inside Chance' (September 2) by Anthony Steven told the tale of a bold, bad

bank manager who kept a 'smashing blonde' of the type who might vulgarly be called, in this case, a credit squeeze. He also kept a bookmaker's business and a perpetual smile beneath his bowler hat. He further plotted to rob his own bank on a grand scale and inveigled a couple of simpletons into some very complicated capers to that end. Finally, the blonde smashed all plans but her own. To call the yarn too silly for words invites the suggestion that no more be said of it. But it would be unfair to deny Douglas Moodie praise for his fluent, highly mobile production of this escapade in nonsense.

The simpletons, military and civil, were delightfully played by Jack Allen and Leslie French. As the nefarious banker Michael Denison came smiling through, 'laughing, chaffing, ha-ha-ha'. He was not the sort of man or manager whom anybody would have trusted with a sixpenny deposit. Had the part been played as an imposing type, masking the wickedness with some pomp of personality and an august professional air, the tale might have been less preposterous. But no doubt it was decided that plausibility was impossible and that the best thing to do was to laugh it off. But the laugh remained with the players and was not, at least in my case, much shared by the viewer.

IVOR BROWN

#### Sound Broadcasting

#### DRAMA

#### Ironic dalliance

THE THIRD PROGRAMME must once again be commended for keeping British audiences in touch with Continental theatre. Only a few weeks ago it pioneered Ugo Betti's last play; it scored again last week with a production of 'Paolo Paoli', the latest play by the Russian-born Parisian Arthur Adamov. Those who have fixed ideas about the nature of realism in the present theatre and those who come to London to see a 'show' would probably join forces in condemning this play. Its realism is of the salon and not of the provincial sink and its ironies make it unpleasant to those who want simply to be entertained.

The play covers the years from 1900 to the deluge of 1914. Against the historical background of those lush and portentous years it tells the story of two business men and their friends and female companions. Florent Hulot-Vasseur (Brian Haines) is one

who plies in ostrich feathers, and his friend Paolo Paoli (Noel Johnson) is an entomologist. The story opens with the illegal return of Robert Marpeaux (Frank Windsor) from Cayenne penal colony. Marpeaux brings butterflies but he also brings trouble, and much of the play is concerned with Paolo's lust for butterflies and his desire not to be involved in the less pleasant side of under-privileged life in the Edwardian age.

To describe in detail the ins and outs of Adamov's complicated little plots would take up far too much space. Suffice it to say that the play tells the thoroughly credible story of feckless, rather trivial, rather over-fed and rather over-dressed Parisians in the years of western Europe's golden age. Paolo's wife, Stella (Cecile Chevreau), who is a Franco-German, leaves him in a 'tizzy' and returns to be rejected just before the war;



A scene from 'Uncertain Mercy' on September 4, with (left to right) Geoffrey Matthews as Jozsef, Brian Peck as Peter, Lee Montague as Zoltan, Thomas Heathcote as Janos, John Ruddock as Pastor Csabay, and Diana Fairfax as Elzbieta Kowalski

Hulot-Vasseur pilots his business through the rough seas of changing fashions in ostrich feathers; Marpeaux's wife, Rose, a 'lower-orders' woman, strives vainly to live a decent life; the Abbé Saulnier (Heron Carvic) has messy fingers in everyone's pie, and Adamov strikes yet one more blow for the French anti-clericals.

Initially I felt that Adamov's characters and his choice of story were hardly worth the attention he gave them. As the play slowly developed I realised that his ironic commentary on trivial, meaningless lives had its meaning for us today. He is remarking that we, too, have our butterflies and our feathers and that we, like our predecessors demonstrating with triviality their enormous wealth and security, are always ready to turn our backs on the greater history that lives with us. While Paolo and Rose, Hulot-Vasseur and Marpeaux, Cécile and the Abbé exhaust themselves with petty wrangles 'this France', as Adamov constantly calls it, is preparing for disaster. By the use of newspaper quotations from the time, which were interpolated most successfully by Mr. Michael Bakeswell, who produced, one is made aware of the irony of their situation.

In a sense, this realisation of irony is limited by one's knowledge of French history between 1900 and 1914. Many people know that the ostrich feather waned and others are acquainted with the butterfly craze of the period. But there must be many people—even in France—who would not mine the depths of irony in some of his newspaper references. Marpeaux, for example, becomes a socialist pacifist and comes near to taking revenge on his old tyrants, Paolo and Hulot-Vasseur by organising labour against them. Though one knows what happened to pacifism in France in 1914, one has to be a student of politics to wrest ironic significance from the death of Jaurès on the eve of war. Many of the references would, however, be clear to anyone of sense. Adamov is clearly working in a new and untried field, and though I fear that I shall have to wait some time before I can see 'Paolo Paoli' on the stage I look forward to its repetition on October 8.

Edinburgh Festival concerts occupied the air pretty fully last week. 'Chariot of Fire', already seen on television and repeated from the Welsh Home Service, was to a certain extent similar to 'Paolo Paoli' in that it also made use of the ironies of history. Mr. Jon Manchip White told here the story of his ancestor Rawlins White, a cantankerous and innocent fisherman who fell foul of the Marian persecution and who was martyred in Cardiff in 1555. The old man refused to believe that Elijah was taken to heaven in a chariot of fire and was burned for his refusal. Mr. Clifford Evans played him with great strength and conviction, and Mr. Charles Hodgson made the Papal Envoy believably bigoted and softly lethal. Rawlins White would have been proud to know of his descendant.

IAN RODGER

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Matters of Moment

'OLIVER CROMWELL', Maurice Cranston's skilfully contrived conversation piece, heard in the Third on Monday and Tuesday, was written to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the death of England's only dictator. The scales were heavily weighted against the Protector by Hobbes, Evelyn, and John Aubrey, but he had an able and honest defender in Andrew Marvell. Though just dead when the discussion opened, we heard his 'recorded' voice whenever a particular speech to parliament was mentioned. The voice was the voice of Bernard Miles with an East Anglian accent. It had just the right note of arrogant piety and bucolic roughness to

account for the dislike of such a genial gentleman as Mr. Aubrey and such a polite one as Mr. Evelyn. Hobbes, who in Felix Aylmer's reading of the part sounded not unlike Bertrand Russell, was more objective, as became a philosopher. It was, I thought, a pleasant touch that those who hated Cromwell's politics and his religion could still listen with pleasure to Marvell's poem on his death.

Earlier on Monday evening Eileen Molony's 'Parents and Children' made a welcome return to Network Three, when Mrs. Joan Dean, a primary-school headmistress, suggested ways in which mothers can prepare their children for the first day at school. Though most of what she said must have been common knowledge to any normally intelligent parent, the problem of long hours for the youngest children remains unsolved. Her suggestion that the five-year-olds be taken home for lunch and then brought back to school depends for its usefulness, surely, on the distance that has to be travelled between home and school. Why it should not be possible for the youngest to attend school in the mornings only, as they can at any private school, is a mystery known only to the ministerial mind.

In 'Scientists in Session' on Wednesday evening (Home) several of those who are attending this year's meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Glasgow told us that things are now moving very fast indeed in the matter of high-speed flight, but not nearly so fast as they are expected to move in the future. Theoretically, there is no limit to speed. We can already send bodies hurtling through space at three or four times the speed of sound. The problem is to find the material, both human and metallic, that will stand up to greater acceleration still. It was pointed out by one speaker that it would be unwise to build aircraft that could fly faster than thought, for then some awkward psychological reactions might be set up in those that had to be conditioned to fly in them. Are we, I asked myself as I listened to this almost incredible recital, leaving all that is most valuable in man, all that grows out of his inner life, far behind us in our mania for speed, until it takes its revenge upon us in some vast unconscious suicide pact?

As we heard from Michael Young and Peter Willmott in Thursday afternoon's repeat of their 'Families on the Move' (Home) it is sometimes difficult to say what constitutes an advance. We all want to get rid of the slums, but many families who have been moved out of Bethnal Green into those 'architects' dreams, the new, gaunt stream-lined towns, are in most cases perfectly wretched. They crave for their old associations, for Mum, the familiar pub, their pets and the old cosy squalor. They bitterly resent all the rules and regulations by which their new lives are hedged in in the interests of respectability, hygiene and all that goes to make up a higher standard of living, and have the utmost difficulty in adjusting themselves to behaviour patterns imposed on them from above. With its recordings made in Bethnal Green, the programme was a most lively and atmospheric one, the measured academic accents of Michael Young and Peter Willmott contrasting strangely with the chattering budgerigars and the voices of the 'natives' themselves.

Though they have encircled the earth with dogs and sputniks, the Soviet government dare not publish Boris Pasternak's *Dr Zhivago*, reviewed on Thursday on the Third by Bernard Wall in his talk 'Life and Death in Russia' (printed on page 387). One can, of course, see why. In spite of the fact that it is generally agreed to be the only undoubted masterpiece we have had from Russia since the revolution, it has nothing in common with what one of its characters calls 'the shrill text-book enthusiasms of modern man'. And another complains, 'Life

is so serious, why replace it by this childish masquerade?' As one dull, routine example of 'socialism realism' appeared after another, one had asked in despair 'What has become of the creative genius of the Russian people which produced the most wonderful novels of the nineteenth century?' Here at last, apparently, is the answer.

On Friday evening the nine o'clock news was cut short by five minutes, in order to include a special report on Notting Hill in which various people living in that area gave their views on the racial riots. Some of those interviewed, after disavowing any racial prejudice, agreed that 'This here trouble with the blacks' as one of them called it, all started by coloured men forcing white girls into prostitution and living handsomely on their earnings and often drawing national assistance as well. Others alleged that coloured immigrants bought up houses in the area, evicted the original tenants and then filled them up with their friends, five and six to a room when they further outraged the feelings of the local inhabitants by rowdy parties lasting all night. The secretary of the British Caribbean Welfare Service, however, thought that the trouble lay in a different way of life. The riots were also discussed in 'At Home and Abroad'. I found the whole forty minutes' listening stimulating and worth while. I particularly liked the graphic description of the Notting Hill area of London by the members of the reporting staff at the beginning.

PHILIP HENDERSON

## MUSIC

### When is a Festival not a Festival?

NO PRIZE IS OFFERED for the correct answer to this conundrum, which will, indeed, be obvious to any attentive listener to the B.B.C.'s programmes during the past week. For I take it that a Festival of Music should provide, besides splendid performances, opportunities for festiveness of other kinds. But how can one be festive when one has to go fasting (or on a snatched sandwich) to an opera that begins at seven o'clock? Does Edinburgh really frown on the idea of people enjoying themselves and insist on the hair shirt under the show of finery?

It is not as if the operatic performances themselves, such as we have heard in our homes, were of a quality to compensate for the inconvenience of their timing, which must have prevented all but a few fanatics and this dutiful scribe from hearing the whole of 'Euryanthe', which lasted absurdly from seven till a quarter to ten, as though to say that everyone must be tucked up in bed by ten o'clock!

When I say the 'whole' of 'Euryanthe', I mean the whole of what was performed—a drastically cut and refashioned version of the libretto which involved also the re-arrangement of Weber's score. It cannot be said that the small measure of improvement in dramatic sense compensated for the emasculation of the music, which memory of the revival at Salzburg twenty-one years ago suggests as having far more spaciousness and chivalric *panache*. I do not remember that Bruno Walter thought it necessary to have the libretto refashioned, and, provided one did not bother about the absurdities of Helmine von Chezy's imagination, 'Euryanthe' proved both interesting and enjoyable. Interesting because it is of great historical importance as the first German romantic grand opera and the model for much of 'Lohengrin'; and enjoyable because it was well performed. The performance of the Stuttgart State Opera was thoroughly provincial. With the exception of Inge Borkh's Eglantine (called in this version for some reason that escapes me, Claudia) and Josef Traxel's Adolar (renamed Gérard), the singing

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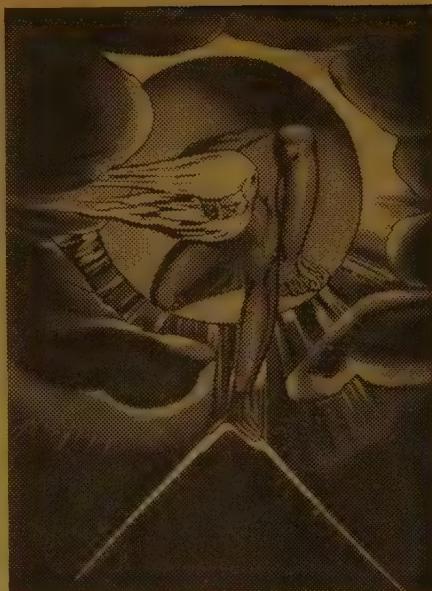
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was wretched and the orchestral performance loud and coarse.

That the orchestra can play with more finesse was shown in Lortzing's 'Der Wildschütz', where, under Ferdinand Leitner's direction, the horns and the wood-winds covered themselves with glory. This charming example of German bourgeois humour dating from a time before Prussia got delusions of grandeur, hardly seems of Festival calibre, as 'Euryanthe' certainly is. But it was interesting to add it to one's operatic experience, and it evidently amused the audience in the King's Theatre. Again, the singing was poor, not above the standard of touring-company operetta. The best performance came from the bass, Fritz Linke, who was less successful as Osmin, lacking the fatness in his tone that is requisite for the part.

There was a good Pedrillo (Gerhard Unger) in Mozart's opera, which was performed with

lightness and gaiety—the Osmin-Blonde duet in Act II, in which Osmin exclaims at the folly of the English, was treated *staccato* and sounded like Rossini. Apart from some good orchestral playing, the performance was well below what we are accustomed to hear at Glyndebourne or even at Sadler's Wells, where 'The Seraglio' is extremely well done.

Before condemning the Edinburgh Festival too severely one must take into account the organisers' practical difficulties, the first and last of which is, I suppose, financial. It costs a great deal of money to bring an opera company to Edinburgh; to engage a special cast of 'stars' and rehearse them up to Festival standard would be prohibitive in expense. So, in default of one of the first-rank opera companies, they have to fall back on what they can afford.

Moreover, if criticised for lack of enterprise in the choice of orchestral programmes, the artistic

director can turn round and say: 'Just look at the empty seats when we do put on a programme of Stravinsky's music directed by one of his most experienced interpreters'. For I read that that was the unhappy response of the public to Ansermet's concert last Thursday, which contained nothing difficult and ended with 'Petrushka'. M. Ansermet does not believe in desiccating Stravinsky, and the Covent Garden Orchestra played very well indeed. But the best concerts we have heard from Edinburgh were the choral ones—Haydn's 'Creation' sung by the Royal Danish Chapel Choir with the Royal Danish Orchestra and a first-rate trio of soloists under Mogens Wöldike and Britten's 'Spring Symphony' in which, too, the Danish boys (singing and whistling splendidly) took part with the Covent Garden Chorus and Orchestra under Ansermet. These really were up to Festival standard.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## The Ninth Symphony

By HAROLD TRUSCOTT

Beethoven's Choral Symphony will be broadcast at 7.30 p.m. on Friday, September 19 (Home)

**T**HREE is no clearer work than Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in the whole of his output, yet it has blocked men's musical vision, to an alarming extent, on several counts. The fuss over its choral portion, for instance, apart from the question of Beethoven's management of the writing—which is debatable—is a fuss largely over a name, which Beethoven, incidentally, did not give the work. The name hides the fact that composers had been doing the very same thing over much wider territory for years under the guise of church music. In particular, the settings of the 'Gloria' and 'Credo' in many of the Masses of Haydn and Mozart are simply large symphonic movements which employ the orchestra symphonically and use a chorus throughout and sometimes soloists as well. Had the word 'symphony' not become, even by 1824, confined to a semi-sacred and ridiculously circumscribed Tom Tiddler's ground all this futile argument could have been avoided and the way made clear earlier for real appreciation of the Symphony on its merits.

On its merits, it becomes a symphonic apex from which one can view the classical symphony moving rapidly back to its origins, and the rapidity with which those origins are reached in retrospect is the first really remarkable thing about the Ninth Symphony. Sir Donald Tovey pointed out years ago the amazingly short space of time separating the beginning of the classical symphony from this tremendous peak. And this is a triumph not merely for the Ninth, or for Beethoven, but for the whole line of classical symphonists who, with their genius and unremitting toil, made this incredible journey possible. For the Ninth grows out of all that body of work in a way in which Schubert's late C major, for all its classical background, does not. The Ninth is a culmination, the C major, with the B minor, progenitor of a new development; and a culmination implies a long series of stepping stones; a culmination is not a signpost but a destination.

In a sense, the Ninth Symphony is not a third-period work, as the last quartets and the last five piano sonatas and even the F minor Quartet, Op. 95, are third-period works. There are certain common parts of classical musical speech, such as the perfect cadence, to which, revolutionary though he is often called, Beethoven never lost his allegiance, from his earliest works to the second finale of the Op. 135 Quartet; the perfect cadence of the opening of the Ninth and the ostinato coda of the first

movement are two great fruits for the achievement of which a lifetime's loyalty to these points of tonal grammar was an essential condition. But his use of them in the Ninth Symphony is merely his largest use of them in the older manner, which I can only call the eighteenth-century manner; in the last quartets and the other works I have enumerated they are used in a new way, partial and tentative, but still new enough to mark a definite dividing line between them and the D minor Symphony.

What the Ninth does encompass is an extension of eighteenth-century principles; and I use this term to indicate musical tendencies rather than as a strict division of time. The first movement is obviously large, although not so large in sheer length as the first movement of the 'Eroica'. But that of the Ninth is a larger movement as a complete organism; and it is large in its compression, for it is in places enormously compressed. Its compression is like a coiled spring ready to shoot to its full length. The character of its largeness also is mainly responsible for its uniqueness as a structure; for it is, if I may put it this way, large on a small scale. Its pace, which, through the latter's dependence on phrasing, to a great extent determines the size of the movement, is entirely classical; that is to say, it is entirely eighteenth-century in its premises. It is an extension, to an unprecedented degree, of the pace which is normal to all classical sonata *allegros*, which would not be out of place in Haydn and Mozart in a work in which their style was sufficiently extended, but not altered, to meet it. It is, in other words, an extension in degree; it is not a difference of kind.

This can be made clearer than in any words by a direct comparison, for this purpose only, with such a movement as the first in Schubert's B minor Symphony. By the side of the Beethoven, the Schubert scarcely seems to move at all; and yet this is a matter of perspective. The Schubert shows itself to be quite as quick in thought as the Beethoven, if not quicker, but its pace is slow, or large, in comparison. Its pace is not classical. The Schubert is large on a large scale; although its length by the clock is less than that of the Beethoven movement, it seems in performance enormously larger. The Beethoven is large on a small scale.

This is true also in another way. The dramatic action of the Ninth Symphony completes itself quickly—within the first movement, in fact—and this is the norm for the

sonata style from its inception and up to Beethoven. The other movements are reactions to, or affirmations of, the conclusion reached by that drama. Not until he wrote the C sharp minor Quartet did Beethoven encompass a single dramatic design which, to a certain extent, requires the layout of the whole work to complete itself. It is only to a certain extent, but it is there. But this is foreign to any idea of such a work in the eighteenth century and it is definitely the main structural trend in the symphony and the sonata in the nineteenth century. Apart from this quartet, Beethoven never remotely visualises planning one design which shall require *all* the movements of a work in which to fulfil, without side issues, its dramatic idea. He does not in the Ninth, although the length of the work, and of the finale in particular, in this as in other symphonies by him, has given the false impression that he does.

His finales, in this symphony and others such as the 'Eroica' and the Fifth, have been deceptive in their effect on critical assessment. They have helped to give rise to the legend of his expanding form dramatically by their means, by putting the fulfilment of the drama into the finale, but, in fact, each is quite static, and adds nothing to the active drama of the work concerned. A large part of the Ninth is composed of static reaction—strictly speaking, from the end of the first movement, certainly from the end of the second; but the scherzo, grimly tragic in expression though it is, is more a baleful chorus of assent, or an epilogue, to the tragic action of the first movement than a fresh departure in action. Even the slight action in the *Adagio* is the action of memory, not of active participation. The finale, large though it is, after the almost theatrically dramatic quest for the new-theme, is a set of variations on a theme obviously expressive, in Beethoven's mind, of ultimate joy, continuing, although Beethoven cannot so continue it in a finite work, to infinity—and the very idea of drama, conflict, is negated by this state.

Nothing in the shape of this work alters anything in the eighteenth-century idea of the symphony; it merely extends it to an unheard of degree. And this is why the size of the work is so striking, why it has seized men's imagination to such an extent: it is the apex looking back, not a signpost looking forward. This is the greatness of Beethoven's achievement in this symphony, and its ultimate wonder: that a work so large can at the same time be so small.



## IRON RATIONS

*By Podalirius*

More than 500 coins were recently got out of one man's stomach. How did they get in? The man may, of course, have been a Trainee Random Sampler at the Royal Mint, or a clumsy conjurer. We call an appetite for coins and the like "perverted," which is a useful pejorative cloak for ignorance. After all, we put sixpences in Christmas puddings, and make chocolate coins; and there are some otherwise worthy citizens who have a taste for rose leaves or seaweed. We say that people swallow their words or cannot stomach those of someone else, and we do not find it strange to say so. But of more concrete things there are consumers a-plenty. Normal children will eat buttons or clothing or pins; but who would not, imprisoned in cot or playpen? And if this is too harsh a diet, why, there are fingernails and sunburn peelings to be consumed. Women in pregnancy have a mind for, and have been known to eat, such unusuals as coal and sand.

Susnu-Fa more than 3,000 years ago thought that the dietary longings of pregnant women should be satisfied. So have better qualified obstetricians more recently, knowing that the object of desire was often chalk. Why chalk? Because it contains calcium and the expectant mother is often short of that element; indeed, she may lose teeth because of its lack, or even suffer a softening of the bones. To come closer to home; I do not know if today's anaemia subjects ever long to chew the wrought-iron gewgaws that house our cacti; but doctors used to prescribe iron filings for anaemia, and the filings were taken and the anaemia was cured.

"Only try to understand," says our most perceptive novelist. A perversion or quirk of appetite always has a cause, often an obvious one, if we would but look; and if less obvious, not less good. That man, sitting in your favourite restaurant, sipping grapefruit juice, while all about him tackle their portions of smoked salmon or pâté—that man should not be laughed at. He may be guided by an appetite more true than yours, and think yours perverted. Alternatively, he may have sat at the feet of some professor of nutrition. He may even be the professor himself, tired of having his feet sat at, and eager to weigh for just one night the deficiencies of his stipend against the nutritional enormities of the menu. And the juice in that case?—The homage paid by incipient vice to previous virtue. After it the quirks of appetite will be his guide.

\* \* \* \*

From what you say, Podalirius, it seems that an appetite for such conventional dishes as wrought-iron gewgaws garnished with rose petals may indeed be guided by some shrewd subconscious awareness of a dietary deficiency. After all, it is well known that the present-day diet is often lacking in certain essential food factors. Nevertheless, there is hardly the need to go to the harsh extremes listed above when Bemax is available to everyone. For Bemax is stabilized wheat germ—the richest natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement known to man. Just sprinkle a little on your ordinary food each day. You can get Bemax from Chemists.

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# Choosing and Finishing Whitewood Furniture—II

By PETER HEARD

AFTER sanding the piece of furniture, you will be using oil paint to give a hard, durable surface, so you must start with an undercoat. Brush it on, first from side to side to spread it evenly, then with a much lighter touch downwards, to remove the brushmarks. I like to do the awkward bits first—mouldings, little ledges, and so on—and finish up with the larger flat areas. But whatever routine you use, do be sure to stick to it, come what may. Do not overload your brush, particularly when painting corners and edges, otherwise you will get drips and runs. And do not be tempted to go back over a section and tickle it up—leave it alone, right or wrong.

Give the undercoat plenty of time to become bone hard—if anything, more than that stated on the tin. You can now tidy it up with fine sandpaper—just enough to remove any dust nibs or brush marks—and dust it off as you did before. The finishing coat is very simple if you have done the rest properly. But do not get slap-happy—it is by no means too late to ruin the job. Once again, beware of using too full a brush; give slow, steady strokes and frequent dips of the brush-tip. Leave the piece to dry hard before using it.

Here is a simple way of staining and polishing whitewood. To begin with, sandpaper all surfaces thoroughly, first with a medium grade, then with a fine. Be careful to rub in the same direction as the grain of the wood—any cross-

grain scratches will be there for ever. This sandpapering is necessary for all finishes, and there is no machine that will do it all for you, although there are some which help.

When the wood is really smooth, if you want to change the natural colour rub in a spirit stain with a rag. Let the stain dry for a day or two, then rub it hard with a clean cloth to remove any loose, dry stain; now give it a liberal coat of ordinary paste furniture polish. This produces a shine, easy to keep clean.

For a higher polish, once again start off by sandpapering. Rub in spirit stain if you wish, and then apply the sealer I described in the first part of my talk. Fine-sandpaper the surface again carefully, and apply a thin coat of french polish with a saturated cloth. When it is dry, rub it hard with a clean cloth. Finally apply plenty of paste wax.

Neither of these surfaces is particularly heat or stain resistant. So if the furniture is going to get really rough treatment use one of the many kinds of rigid or flexible plastic surfaces. Make a paper pattern for the cutting shape and mark the front, and follow the makers' instructions about applying the plastic. Two tips I find useful: though the manufacturers of the rigid type suggest using a piece of cardboard for spreading the adhesive, I find it easier to pour it out, and spread it quickly with a rag. The other tip is to roll the plastic on from one edge to avoid trapping any air. Remember that after

the plastic is laid you cannot slide it about to fit. Tidy up the edges with a file or rasp.

—Network Three

## Notes on Contributors

SIR ALEXANDER CARR-SAUNDERS, K.B.E. (page 363): Director of the London School of Economics 1937-56

JAMES GRAY (page 364): Managing Editor of the London newspaper South Africa

IULIA DE BEAUSOBRE (page 365): author of *The Woman Who Could Not Die*, *The Flame in the Snow*, and *Russian Letters of Direction*

HUGH TINKER (page 368): Reader in Oriental History at London University since April; author of *The Union of Burma*

P. M. S. BLACKETT, F.R.S. (page 375): Professor of Physics, Imperial College, London University; author of *Military and Political Consequences of Atomic Energy*, and *Atomic Weapons and East-West Relations*

DAVID PIPER (page 377): Assistant Keeper, National Portrait Gallery since 1946; author of *The English Face*

RAYMOND POSTGATE (page 378): author of *History of the British Workers*, *Karl Marx*, and, with G. D. H. Cole, *The Common People 1746-1946*, and several guides to good food and wine

BERNARD WALL (page 387): in charge of Italian section, Foreign Office Research Department, 1941-43; author of books on Italy

chapels on either 5A. of the Atlantic. Then I shall spend the rest of my life in a 36D. of Mahomedanism before the 39D.'

## Solution of No. 1,474



### NOTES

*Answers and Sources:* 1. Chest: Masefield, 'Spanish Waters'; 2. those: Shelley, 'Skylark'; 3. stern: Goldsmith, 'Deserted V.'; 4. frets: Longfellow, 'Occultation'; 5. ensue: Tennyson, 'In Memoriam'; 6. scene: Marvell, 'Cromwell'; 7. sieve: Johnson, 'Vanity'; 8. Egoist: Shakespeare; 9. MIND, I, 1; 9. Muses: Milton, 'Il Penseroso'; 11. stems: Lear, 'Dong'; 12. Moses: Fitzgerald, 'Rubaiyat'; 13. opens: Scott, 'Lord of Isles'; 11; 14. spend: Wordsworth, 'The world is too much'; 15. sweep: Campbell, 'Mariners'; 16. sheep: Milton, 'Lycidas'; 17. spoil: Carroll, 'Walrus'; 18. split: Coleridge, 'Mariner'; 19. palls: Barham, 'Jackdaw'; 20. pulls: Shakespeare, 'Oth', II, 3; 21. gapes: Cowley, 'Drinking'; 22. shape: Keats, 'Urn'; 23. spent: Macaulay, 'Horatius'; 25. ghost: Shelley, 'Cloud'; 26. goats: Tennyson, 'Morte d'A'; 27. trots: Shakespeare, 'AYLI', III, 2; 28. tours: Byron, 'Juan', IX, 42; 29. fasts: Hood, 'Shirt'; 30. feast: Dryden, 'Alex's Feast'; 31. staff: Raleigh, 'Pilgrimage'; 32. Faust: Marlowe, 'Faustus'; 33. fier: Clough, 'Say not the struggle'; 34. fires: Gray, 'Elegy'; 35. farce: Pope, 'Criticism', 540; 36. afire: Scolland, 'As I came down'; 37. eager: Byron, 'CHP', IV, 139; 38. anger: Longfellow, 'Robert of S.'; 39. trace: Browning, 'Piper'; 40. a tree: Kilmer, 'Trees'; 41. storm: Flecker, 'War Song'; 42. moors: Masefield, 'Beauty'; 43. brims: De la Mare, 'Isle of Love'; 44. mixer: Burns, 'Mary Morrison'; 45. surge: Tennyson, 'Lotos'; 46. rouse: Gray, 'Elegy'; 47. roses: Arnold, 'Requiescat'; 48. dress: Keats, 'St. Agnes.'

*Quotation: Pope.*

1st prize: W. A. Starbuck (Mitcham); 2nd prize: J. R. Hunecke (Hull); 3rd prize: Mrs. R. Wilkinson (Hitchin)

## Crossword No. 1,476.

### 1A.

By Odif

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

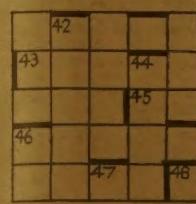
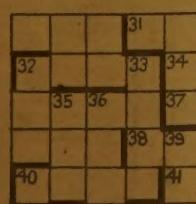
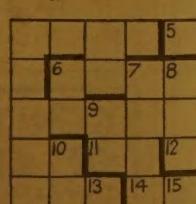
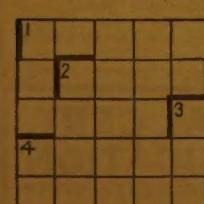
Closing date: first post on Thursday, September 18. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

If the six squares are suitably arranged to lie 1A., the lights will start from the numbered squares and run continuously. The squares as printed have been rearranged so that all the lights run across and down as usual. Three lights consist of more than one word. (R. = reversed)

12A. and the 44D.  
12A. lived in the 32A. 32D., but she had a lot of shares in a 34A. 7D. She normally wore a 41A. Japanese 29D.R. 31A. 24D.R. tight 24D.R. possible and a 48D. 40A. Her favourite book was 22D., she 8D.R. 45. 6D. 48D. s18D. and 24A.R. Roll every day and among other 2A. 25A.s her favourite 38A. was to watch 42D. in 18D.R. weather in 43A., while singing some melancholy 14A.R. in various 3D. (reading from 21D.) her fingers idly moving over the 10D.R. of her guitar.

One day, with her 47D. 28D., she sailed 25D. New York, where she was 13D.d by 30A. von Brummel, 11A. elegant ex-44D. with a 27D. figure, working 9D.R. 35D.R. Soon after the 6A. of the affair he took her to 48D. Island, which he thought 38A. but she thought 29A. dig. Before 41A. they had a 33D. Using the familiar 4D. he cried:—'48A. 40D., thou art a pain in the neck; this is the 32D.' With that he pushed her off the 3A.

12A. was gravely 37A. 'This 21A.R. me 2D.' she said, '23D. will 16A. my madness and 15D.R. all my problems. I will pull all my financial 19A.R. out of the fire and 20A.R. a fund to instal 46D. and 17D.R. Angelicos (genuine 26D.) in Baptist



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